



Lampbell. g. 1419

LIZA.

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BY IVAN TURGUENIEF.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN

BY W. R. S. RALSTON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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XXVI.

IN the meantime the evening had arrived, and Maria Dmitrievna evinced a desire to return home. With some difficulty the little girls were torn away from the lake, and got ready for the journey. Lavretsky said he would accompany his guests half-way home, and ordered a horse to be saddled for him. After seeing Maria Dmitrievna into her carriage he looked about for Lemm; but the old man could nowhere be found. He had disappeared the moment the fishing was over. Anton slammed the carriage door to, with a strength remarkable at his age, and cried in a stern voice, "Drive on, coachman!" The carriage set off. Maria Dmitrievna and Liza occupied the back

seats; the two girls and the maid sat in front.

The evening was warm and still, and the windows were open on both sides. Lavretsky rode close by the carriage on Liza's side, resting a hand on the door—he had thrown the reins on the neck of his easily trotting horse,—and now and then exchanged two or three words with the young girl. The evening glow disappeared. Night came on, but the air seemed to grow even warmer than before. Maria Dmitrievna soon went to sleep; the little girls and the maid servant slept also. Smoothly and rapidly the carriage rolled on. As Liza bent forwards the moon, which had only just made its appearance, lighted up her face, the fragrant night air breathed on her eyes and cheeks, and she felt herself happy. Her hand rested on the door of the carriage by the side of Lavretsky's. He too felt himself happy as he floated on in the calm

warmth of the night, never moving his eyes away from the good young face, listening to the young voice, clear even in its whispers, which spoke simple, good words.

It even escaped his notice for a time that he had gone more than half of the way. Then he would not disturb Madame Kalitine, but he pressed Liza's hand lightly and said, "We are friends now, are we not?" She nodded assent, and he pulled up his horse. The carriage rolled on its way quietly swinging and curtseying.

Lavretsky returned home at a walk. The magic of the summer night took possession of him. All that spread around him seemed so wonderfully strange, and yet at the same time so well known and so dear. Far and near all was still—and the eye could see very far, though it could not distinguish much of what it saw—but underneath that very stillness a young and flowering life made itself felt.

Lavretsky's horse walked on vigorously, swinging itself steadily to right and left. Its great black shadow moved by its side. There was a sort of secret charm in the tramp of its hoofs, something strange and joyous in the noisy cry of the quails. The stars disappeared in a kind of luminous mist. The moon, not yet at its full, shone with steady lustre. Its light spread in a blue stream over the sky, and fell in a streak of vapourous gold on the thin clouds which went past close at hand.

The freshness of the air called a slight moisture into Lavretsky's eyes, passed caressingly over all his limbs, and flowed with free current into his chest. He was conscious of enjoying, and felt glad of that enjoyment. "Well, we will live on still; she has not entirely deprived us——" he did not say who, or of what. Then he began to think about Liza; that she could scarcely be in love with Panshine; that if

he had met her under other circumstances—God knows what might have come of it ; that he understood Lemm's feelings about her now, although she had "no words of her own." And, moreover, that that was not true ; for she had words of her own. "Do not speak lightly about that," recurred to Lavretsky's memory. For a long time he rode on with bent head, then he slowly drew himself up repeating,—

"And I have burnt all that I used to worship,
I worship all that I used to burn"—

then he suddenly struck his horse with his whip and galloped straight away home.

On alighting from his horse he gave a final look round, a thankful smile playing involuntarily on his lips. Night—silent, caressing night—lay on the hills and dales. From its fragrant depths afar—whether from heaven or from earth could not be told—there poured a soft and quiet warmth.

Lavretsky wished a last farewell to Liza—and hastened up the steps.

The next day went by rather slowly, rain setting in early in the morning. Lemm looked askance, and compressed his lips even tighter and tighter, as if he had made a vow never to open them again. When Lavretsky lay down at night he took to bed with him a whole bundle of French newspapers, which had already lain unopened on his table for two or three weeks. He began carelessly to tear open their covers and to skim the contents of their columns, in which, for the matter of that, there was but little that was new. He was just on the point of throwing them aside, when he suddenly bounded out of bed as if something had stung him. In the *feuilleton* of one of the papers our former acquaintance, M. Jules, communicated to his readers a “painful piece of intelligence.” “The fascinating, fair Muscovite,” he wrote,

“one of the queens of fashion, the ornament of Parisian *salons*, Madame de Lavretski,” had died almost suddenly. And this news, unfortunately but too true, had just reached him, M. Jules. He was, so he continued, he might say, a friend of the deceased——

Lavretsky put on his clothes, went out into the garden, and walked up and down one of its alleys until the break of day.

At breakfast, next morning, Lemm asked Lavretsky to let him have horses in order to get back to town.

“It is time for me to return to business, that is to lessons,” remarked the old man. “I am only wasting my time here uselessly.”

Lavretsky did not reply at once. He seemed lost in a reverie.

“Very good,” he said at last; “I will go with you myself.”

Refusing the assistance of a servant, Lemm packed his little portmanteau, growing peevish the while and groaning over it,

and then tore up and burnt some sheets of music paper. The carriage came to the door. As Lavretsky left his study he put in his pocket the copy of the newspaper he had read the night before. During the whole of the journey neither Lavretsky nor Lemm said much. Each of them was absorbed in his own thoughts, and each was glad that the other did not disturb him. And they parted rather coldly, an occurrence which, for the matter of that, often occurs among friends in Russia. Lavretsky drove the old man to his modest dwelling. Lemm took his portmanteau with him as he got out of the carriage, and, without stretching out his hand to his friend, he held the portmanteau before him with both hands, and, without even looking at him, said in Russian, "Farewell!" "Farewell!" echoed Lavretsky, and told the coachman to drive to his apartments; for he had taken lodgings in O.

After writing several letters, and making a hasty dinner, he went to the Kalitines'. There he found no one in the drawing-room but Panshine, who told him that Maria Dmitrievna would come directly, and immediately entered into conversation with him in the kindest and most affable manner. Until that day Panshine had treated Lavretsky, not with haughtiness exactly, but with condescension; but Liza, in describing her excursion of the day before, had spoken of Lavretsky as an excellent and clever man. That was enough; the "excellent" man must be captivated.

Panshine began by complimenting Lavretsky, giving him an account of the rapture with which, according to him, all the Kalitine family had spoken of Vasilievskoe; then, according to his custom, adroitly bringing the conversation round to himself, he began to speak of his occupations, of his views concerning life, the

world, and the service; said a word or two about the future of Russia, and about the necessity of holding the Governors of provinces in hand; joked facetiously about himself in that respect, and added that he, among others, had been entrusted at St. Petersburg with the commission *de populariser l'idée du cadastre*. He spoke at tolerable length, and with careless assurance, solving all difficulties, and playing with the most important administrative and political questions as a juggler does with his balls. Such expressions as, "That is what I should do if I were the Government," and, "You, as an intelligent man, doubtless agree with me," were always at the tip of his tongue.

Lavretsky listened coldly to Panshine's eloquence. This handsome, clever, and unnecessarily elegant young man, with his serene smile, his polite voice, and his inquisitive eyes, was not to his liking. Panshine soon guessed, with the quick

appreciation of the feelings of others which was peculiar to him, that he did not confer any special gratification on the person he was addressing, so he disappeared under cover of some plausible excuse, having made up his mind that Lavretsky might be an excellent man, but that he was unsympathetic, "*aigri*," and, *en somme*, somewhat ridiculous.

Madame Kalitine arrived, accompanied by Gedeonovsky. Then came Marfa Timofeevna and Liza, and after them all the other members of the family. Afterwards, also, there arrived the lover of music, Madame Belenitsine, a thin little woman, with an almost childish little face, pretty but worn, a noisy black dress, a parti-coloured fan, and thick gold bracelets. With her came her husband, a corpulent man, with red cheeks, large hands and feet, white eyelashes, and a smile which never left his thick lips. His wife never spoke to him in society; and at home, in her tender

moments, she used to call him "her sucking-pig."

Panshine returned; the room became animated and noisy. Such an assemblage of people was by no means agreeable to Lavretsky. He was especially annoyed by Madame Belenitsine, who kept perpetually staring at him through her eye-glass. If it had not been for Liza he would have gone away at once. He wanted to say a few words to her alone, but for a long time he could not obtain a fitting opportunity of doing so, and had to content himself with following her about with his eyes. It was with a secret joy that he did so. Never had her face seemed to him more noble and charming. She appeared to great advantage in the presence of Madame Belenitsine. That lady was incessantly fidgiting on her chair, working her narrow shoulders, laughing affectedly, and either all but closing her eyes or opening them

unnaturally wide. Liza sat still, looked straight before her, and did not laugh at all.

Madame Kalitine sat down to cards with Marfa Timofeevna, Belenitsine, and Gedeonovsky, the latter of whom played very slowly, made continual mistakes, squeezed up his eyes, and mopped his face with his handkerchief. Panshine assumed an air of melancholy, and expressed himself tersely, sadly, and significantly—altogether after the fashion of an artist who has not yet had any opportunity of showing off—but in spite of the entreaties of Madame Belenitsine, who coquetted with him to a great extent, he would not consent to sing his romance. Lavretsky's presence embarrassed him.

Lavretsky himself spoke little, but the peculiar expression his face wore struck Liza as soon as he entered the room. She immediately felt that he had something to

communicate to her ; but, without knowing herself why, she was afraid of asking him any questions. At last, as she was passing into the next room to make the tea, she almost unconsciously looked towards him. He immediately followed her.

“What is the matter with you ?” she asked, putting the teapot on the *samorar*.*

“You have remarked something, then ?” he said.

“You are different to-day from what I have seen you before.”

Lavretsky bent over the table.

“I wanted,” he began, “to tell you a piece of news, but just now it is impossible. But read the part of this *feuilleton* which is marked in peneil,” he added, giving her the copy of the newspaper he had brought with him. “Please keep the secret ; I will come back to-morrow morning.”

Liza was thoroughly amazed. At that

* Urn.

moment Panshine appeared in the doorway. She put the newspaper in her pocket.

“Have you read Obermann,* Lizaveta Mikhailovna?” asked Panshine with a thoughtful air.

Liza replied vaguely as she passed out of the room, and then went up-stairs. Lavretsky returned into the drawing-room and approached the card table. Marfa Timofeevna flushed, and, with her cap-strings untied, began to complain to him of her partner Gedeonovsky, who, according to her, had not yet learnt his steps. “Card-playing,” she said, “is evidently a very different thing from gossiping.” Meanwhile Gedeonovsky never left off blinking and mopping himself with his handkerchief.

Presently Liza returned to the drawing-room and sat down in a corner. Lavretsky looked at her and she at him, and each

* The sentimental romance of that name, written by E. Pivert de S  nancour.

experienced a painful sensation. He could read perplexity on her face, and a kind of secret reproach. Much as he wished it, he could not get a talk with her, and to remain in the same room with her as a mere visitor among other visitors was irksome to him, so he determined to go away.

When taking leave of her, he contrived to repeat that he would come next day, and he added that he counted on her friendship. "Come," she replied, with the same perplexed look still on her face.

After Lavretsky's departure, Panshine grew animated. He began to give advice to Gedeonovsky, and to make mock love to Madame Belenitsine, and at last he sang his romance. But when gazing at Liza, or talking to her, he maintained the same air as before, one of deep meaning, with a touch of sadness in it.

All that night also, Lavretsky did not sleep. He was not unhappy, he was not

agitated; on the contrary, he was perfectly calm; but he could not sleep. He was not even recalling the past. He simply looked at his present life. His heart beat firmly and equably, the hours flew by, he did not even think about sleeping. Only at times there came into his head the thought, "Surely this is not true, this is all nonsense." And then he would stop short, and presently let his head fall back and again betake himself to gazing into the stream of his life.

XXVII.

MADAME KALITINE did not receive Lavretsky over cordially, when he paid her a visit next day. "Ah! he's making a custom of it," she thought. She was not of herself disposed to like him very much, and Panshine, who had got her thoroughly under his influence, had praised him the evening before in a very astutely disparaging manner. As she did not treat him as an honoured guest, nor think it necessary to trouble herself about one who was a relation, almost a member of the family circle, before half an hour had elapsed he went out into the garden. There he and Liza strolled along one of the alleys, while Lenchka and Shurochka played around the flower-plots at a little distance from them.

Liza was as quiet as usual, but more than usually pale. She took the folded leaf of the newspaper from her pocket, and handed it to Lavretsky.

“That is terrible news,” she said.

Lavretsky made no reply.

“But, after all, perhaps it may not be true.”

“That is why I asked you not to mention it to any one.”

Liza walked on a little farther.

“Tell me,” she began, “are not you sorry?—not at all sorry?”

“I don’t know myself what I feel,” answered Lavretsky.

“But you loved her once?”

“I did.”

“Very much?”

“Yes.”

“And yet you are not sorry for her death?”

“It is not only now that she has become dead for me.”

“You are saying what is sinful. Don’t be angry with me. You have called me your friend. A friend may say anything. And it really seems terrible to me. The expression on your face yesterday was not good to see. Do you remember your complaining about her not long ago? And at that very time, perhaps, she was already no longer among the living. It is terrible. It is just as if it had been sent you as a punishment.”

Lavretsky laughed bitterly.

“You think so?—at all events I am free now.”

Liza shuddered.

“Do not speak so any more. What use is your freedom to you? You should not be thinking of that now, but of forgiveness——”

“I forgave her long ago,” interrupted Lavretsky, with an impatient gesture.

“No, I don’t mean that,” answered Liza,

reddening; "you have not understood me properly. It is you who ought to strive to get pardoned."

"Who is there to pardon me?"

"Who? Why God. Who can pardon us except God?"

Lavretsky grasped her hand.

"Ah! Lizaveta Mikhailovna!" he exclaimed, "believe me, I have already been punished enough—I have already expiated all, believe me."

"You cannot tell that," said Liza, in a low voice. "You forget. It was not long ago that you and I were talking, and you were not willing to forgive her."

Both of them walked along the alley for a time in silence.

"And about your daughter?" suddenly asked Liza, and then stopped short.

Lavretsky shuddered.

"Oh! don't disturb yourself about her. I have already sent off letters in all direc-

tions. The future of my daughter, as you—as you say—is assured. You need not trouble yourself on that score.”

Liza smiled sadly.

“But you are right,” continued Lavretsky. “What am I to do with my freedom—what use is it to me?”

“When did you get this paper?” asked Liza, without answering his question.

“The day after your visit.”

“And have not you—have not you even shed a tear?”

“No; I was thunderstruck. But whither should I look for tears? Should I cry over the past? Why, all mine has been, as it were, consumed with fire. Her fault did not actually destroy my happiness; it only proved to me that for me happiness had never really existed. What, then, had I to cry for? Besides—who knows?—perhaps I should have been more grieved if I had received this news a fortnight sooner.”

“A fortnight!” replied Liza. “But what can have happened to make such a difference in that fortnight?”

Lavretsky made no reply at first, and Liza suddenly grew still redder than before.

“Yes, yes! you have guessed it!” unexpectedly cried Lavretsky. “In the course of that fortnight I have learnt what a woman’s heart is like when it is pure and clear; and my past life seems even farther off from me than it used to be.”

Liza became a little uncomfortable, and slowly turned to where Lenchka and Shurochka were in the flower-garden.

“But I am glad I showed you that newspaper,” said Lavretsky, as he followed her. “I have grown accustomed to conceal nothing from you, and I hope you will confide in me equally in return.”

“Do you really?” said Liza, stopping still. “In that case, I ought. But, no! it is impossible.”

“What is it? Tell me—tell me!”

“I really think I ought not.—However,” added Liza, turning to Lavretsky with a smile, “what is the good of a half-confidence? Do you know, I received a letter to-day?”

“From Panshine?”

“Yes, from him. How did you guess that?”

“And he asks for your hand?”

“Yes,” replied Liza, looking straight at Lavretsky with serious eyes.

Lavretsky, in his turn, looked seriously at Liza.

“Well, and what answer have you made him?” he said at last.

“I don’t know what to answer,” replied Liza, unfolding her arms, and letting them fall by her side.

“Why? Do you like him?”

“Yes, I like him; I think he is a good man.”

“That is just what you told me three days ago, and in the very same words. But what I want to know is, do you love him—love him with that strong, passionate feeling which we usually call ‘love’?”

“In the sense in which you understand the word—No.”

“You are not in love with him?”

“No. But is that necessary?”

“How do you mean?”

“Mamma likes him,” continued Liza. “He is good: I have no fault to find with him.”

“But still you waver?”

“Yes—and, perhaps—you, your words are the cause of that. Do you remember what you said the day before yesterday? But all that is weakness——”

“Oh, my child!” suddenly exclaimed Lavretsky, and his voice trembled as he spoke, “don’t be fatally wise—don’t stigmatize as weakness the cry of your heart,

unwilling to give itself away without love ! Do not take upon yourself so fearful a responsibility towards that man, whom you do not love, and yet to whom you would be about to belong."

"I shall only be obeying ; I shall be taking nothing upon myself," began Liza.

"Obey your own heart, then. It only will tell you the truth," said Lavretsky, interrupting her. "Wisdom, experience—all that is mere vanity and vexation. Do not deprive yourself of the best, the only real happiness upon earth."

"And do you speak in that way, Fedor Ivanovich ? You married for love yourself—and were you happy ?"

Lavretsky clasped his hands above his head.

"Ah ! do not talk about me. You cannot form any idea of what a young, inexperienced, absurdly brought-up boy may imagine to be love. However, why should

one calumniate oneself? I told you just now I had never known happiness. No! I have been happy."

"I think, Fedor Ivanovich," said Liza, lowering her voice—she always lowered her voice when she differed from the person she was speaking to; besides, she felt considerably agitated just then—"our happiness on earth does not depend upon ourselves——"

"It does depend upon ourselves—upon ourselves:" here he seized both her hands. Liza grew pale and looked at him earnestly, but almost with alarm—"at least if we do not ruin our own lives. For some people a love match may turn out unhappily, but not for you, with your calmness of temperament, with your serenity of soul. I do beseech you not to marry without love, merely from a feeling of duty, self-denial, or the like. All that is sheer infidelity, and moreover a matter of calculation—and worse still.

Trust my words. I have a right to say this ; a right for which I have paid dearly. And if your God——”

At that moment Lavretsky became aware that Lenoehka and Shurochka were standing by Liza's side, and were staring at him with intense astonishment. He dropped Liza's hands, saying hastily, “Forgive me,” and walked away towards the house.

“There is only one thing I have to ask you,” he said, coming back to Liza. “Don't make up your mind directly, but wait a little, and think over what I have said to you. And even if you don't believe my words, but are determined to marry in accordance with the dictates of mere prudence—even in that case, M. Panshine is not the man you ought to marry. He must not be your husband. You will promise me not to be hasty, won't you?”

Liza wished to reply, but she could not utter a single word. Not that she had

decided on being “hasty”—but because her heart beat too strongly, and a feeling resembling that of fear impeded her breathing.

XXVIII.

As Lavretsky was leaving the Kalitines' house he met Panshine, with whom he exchanged a cold greeting. Then he went home and shut himself up in his room. The sensations he experienced were such as he had hardly ever known before. Was it long ago that he was in a condition of "peaceful torpor?" Was it long ago that he felt himself, as he had expressed it, "at the very bottom of the river?" What then had changed his condition? What had brought him to the surface, to the light of day? Was it the most ordinary and inevitable, though always unexpected, of occurrences—death? Yes. But yet it was not so much his wife's death, his own freedom,

that he was thinking about, as this—what answer will Liza give to Panshine?

He felt that in the course of the last three days he had begun to look on Liza with different eyes. He remembered how, when he was returning home and thinking of her in the silence of the night, he said to himself “If!——” This “if,” by which at that time he had referred to the past, to the impossible, now applied to an actual state of things, but not exactly such a one as he had then supposed. Freedom by itself was little to him now. “She will obey her mother,” he thought. “She will marry Panshine. But even if she refuses him—will it not be just the same as far as I am concerned?” Passing at that moment in front of a looking-glass, he just glanced at his face in it, and then shrugged his shoulders.

Amid such thoughts as these the day passed swiftly by. The evening arrived, and Lavretsky went to the Kalitines. He

walked fast until he drew near to the house, but then he slackened his pace. Panshine's carriage was standing before the door. "Well," thought Lavretsky, as he entered the house, "I will not be selfish." No one met him in-doors, and all seemed quiet in the drawing-room. He opened the door, and found that Madame Kalitine was playing at piquet with Panshine. That gentleman bowed to him silently, while the lady of the house exclaimed, "Well, this is an unexpected pleasure," and slightly frowned. Lavretsky sat down beside her and began looking at her cards.

"So you can play piquet?" she asked, with a shade of secret vexation in her voice, and then remarked that she had thrown away a wrong card.

Panshine counted ninety, and began to take up the tricks calmly and politely, his countenance the while wearing a grave and dignified expression. It was thus, he thought,

that diplomatists ought to play. It was thus, in all probability, that he used to play with some influential dignitary at St. Petersburg, whom he wished to impress with a favourable idea of his solidity and perspicacity. "One hundred and one, hundred and two, heart, hundred and three," said the measured tones of his voice, and Lavretsky could not tell which it expressed—dislike or assurance.

"Can't I see Marfa Timofeevna?" asked Lavretsky, observing that Panshine, with a still more dignified air than before, was about to shuffle the cards; not even a trace of the artist was visible in him now.

"I suppose so. She is up-stairs in her room," answered Maria Dmitrievna. "You can ask for her."

Lavretsky went up-stairs. He found Marfa Timofeevna also at cards. She was playing at *Durachki* with Nastasia Car-

povna. Roska barked at him, but both the old ladies received him cordially. Marfa Timofeevna seemed in special good humour.

“Ah, Fedia!” she said, “do sit down, there’s a good fellow. We shall have done our game directly. Will you have some preserves? Shurochka, give him the pot of strawberries. You won’t have any? Well, then, sit there as you are. But as to smoking, you mustn’t. I cannot abide your strong tobacco; besides, it would make Matros sneeze.”

Lavretsky hastened to assure her that he had not the slightest desire to smoke.

“Have you been down-stairs?” asked the old lady. “Whom did you find there? Is Panshine always hanging about there? But did you see Liza? No? She was to have come here. Why there she is—as soon as one mentions her.”

Liza came into the room, caught sight of Lavretsky, and blushed.

“I have only come for a moment, Marfa Timofceevna,” she was beginning.

“Why for a moment?” asked the old lady. “Why are all you young people so restless? You see I have a visitor there. Chat a little with him, amuse him.”

Liza sat down on the edge of a chair, raised her eyes to Lavretsky, and felt at once that she could not do otherwise than let him know how her interview with Pan-shine had ended. But how was that to be managed? She felt at the same time confused and ashamed. Was it so short a time since she had become acquainted with that man, one who scarcely ever went to church even, and who bore the death of his wife so equably? and yet here she was already communicating her secrets to him. It was true that he took an interest in her; and that, on her side, she trusted him, and felt herself drawn towards him. But in spite of all this, she felt a certain kind of modest

shame—as if a stranger had entered her pure maiden chamber.

Marfa Timofeevna came to her rescue.

“Well, if you will not amuse him,” she said, “who is to amuse him, poor fellow? I am too old for him; he is too clever for me; and as to Nastasia Carpovna, he is too old for her. It’s only boys she cares for.”

“How can I amuse Fedor Ivanovich?” said Liza. “I would rather play him something on the piano, if he likes,” she continued irresolutely.

“That’s capital. You’re a clever creature,” replied Marfa Timofeevna. “Go down-stairs, my dears. Come back again when you’ve done; but just now here I’m left the *durachka*,* so I’m savage. I must have my revenge.”

Liza rose from her chair, and so did

* In the game of *durachki*, the player who remains the last is called the *durachok* or *durachka*, diminutive of *durak*, a fool. The game somewhat resembles our own “Old Bachelor” or “Old Maid.”

Lavretsky. As she was going down-stairs, Liza stopped.

“What they say is true,” she began. “The human heart is full of contradictions. Your example ought to have frightened me—ought to have made me distrust marrying for love, and yet I——”

“You’ve refused him?” said Lavretsky, interrupting her.

“No; but I have not accepted him either. I told him everything—all my feelings on the subject—and I asked him to wait a little. Are you satisfied?” she asked, with a sudden smile; and letting her hand skim lightly along the balustrade, she ran down-stairs.

“What shall I play you?” she asked, as she opened the piano.

“Whatever you like,” answered Lavretsky, taking a seat where he could look at her.

Liza began to play, and went on for some

time without lifting her eyes from her fingers. At last she looked at Lavretsky, and stopped playing. The expression of his face seemed so strange and unusual to her.

“What is the matter?” she asked.

“Nothing,” he replied. “All is well with me at present. I feel happy on your account ; it makes me glad to look at you—do go on.”

“I think,” said Liza, a few minutes later, “if he had really loved me, he would not have written that letter; he ought to have felt that I could not answer him just now.”

“That doesn’t matter,” said Lavretsky; “what does matter is that you do not love him.”

“Stop! What is that you are saying? The image of your dead wife is always haunting me, and I feel afraid of you.”

“Doesn’t my Liza play well, Woldemar?” Madame Kalitine was saying at this moment to Panshine.

“Yes,” replied Panshine, “exceedingly well.”

Madame Kalitine looked tenderly at her young partner; but he assumed a still more important and pre-occupied look, and called fourteen kings.

XXIX.

LAVRETSKY was no longer a very young man. He could not long delude himself as to the nature of the feeling with which Liza had inspired him. On that day he became finally convinced that he was in love with her. That conviction did not give him much pleasure.

“Is it possible,” he thought, “that at five-and-thirty I have nothing else to do than to confide my heart a second time to a woman’s keeping? But Liza is not like *her*. She would not have demanded humiliating sacrifices from me. She would not have led me astray from my occupations. She would have inspired me herself with a love for honourable hard work, and we should have

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gone forward together towards some noble end. Yes," he said, bringing his reflections to a close, "all that is very well. But the worst of it is that she will not go anywhere with me. It was not for nothing that she told me she felt afraid of me. And as to her not being in love with Panshine—that is but a poor consolation!"

Lavretsky went to Vasilievskoe; but he could not manage to spend even four days there—so wearisome did it seem to him. Moreover, he was tormented by suspense. The news which M. Jules had communicated required confirmation, and he had not yet received any letters. He returned to town, and passed the evening at the Kalitines'. He could easily see that Madame Kalitine had been set against him; but he succeeded in mollifying her a little by losing some fifteen roubles to her at piquet. He also contrived to get half-an-hour alone with Liza, in spite of her mother having recom-

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mended her, only the evening before, not to be too intimate with a man "*qui a un si grand ridicule.*"

He found a change in her. She seemed to have become more contemplative. She blamed him for stopping away; and she asked him if he would not go to church the next day—the next day being Sunday.

"Do come," she continued, before he had time to answer. "We will pray together for the repose of *her* soul." Then she added that she did not know what she ought to do—that she did not know whether she had any right to make Panshine wait longer for her decision.

"Why?" asked Lavretsky.

"Because," she replied, "I begin to suspect by this time what that decision will be."

Then she said that she had a headache, and went to her room, after irresolutely

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holding out the ends of her fingers to Lavretsky.

The next day Lavretsky went to morning service. Liza was already in the church when he entered. He remarked her, though she did not look towards him. She prayed fervently; her eyes shone with a quiet light; quietly she bowed and lifted her head.

He felt that she was praying for him also, and a strange emotion filled his soul. The people standing gravely around, the familiar faces, the harmonious chant, the odour of the incense, the long rays slanting through the windows, the very sombreness of the walls and arches—all appealed to his heart. It was long since he had been in church—long since he had turned his thoughts to God. And even now he did not utter any words of prayer—he did not even pray without words; but nevertheless, for a moment, if not in body, at least in mind, he bowed down and bent himself humbly to

the ground. He remembered how, in the days of his childhood, he always used to pray in church till he felt on his forehead something like a kind of light touch. "That," he used then to think, "is my guardian angel, visiting me and pressing on me the seal of election." He looked at Liza. "It is you who have brought me here," he thought. "Touch me—touch my soul!" Meanwhile, she went on quietly praying. Her face seemed to him to be joyous, and once more he felt softened, and he asked, for another's soul, rest—for his own, pardon. They met outside in the porch, and she received him with a friendly look of serious happiness. The sun brightly lit up the fresh grass in the churchyard and the many-coloured dresses and kerchiefs of the women. The bells of the neighbouring churches sounded on high; the sparrows chirped on the walls. Lavretsky stood by, smiling and bare-headed; a light

breeze played with his hair and Liza's, and with the ends of Liza's bonnet-strings. He seated Liza and her companion, Lenchka, in the carriage, gave away all the change he had about him to the beggars, and then strolled slowly home.

XXX.

THE days which followed were days of heaviness for Lavretsky. He felt himself in a perpetual fever. Every morning he went to the post, and impatiently tore open his letters and newspapers; but in none of them did he find anything which could either confirm or contradict that rumour, on the truth of which he felt that so much now depended. At times he grew disgusted with himself. "What am I," he then would think, "who am waiting here, as a raven waits for blood, for certain intelligence of my wife's death?"

He went to the Kalitines' every day; but even there he was not more at his ease. The mistress of the house was evidently out of

humour with him, and treated him with cold condescension. Panshine showed him exaggerated politeness; Lemm had become misanthropical, and scarcely even returned his greeting; and, worst of all, Liza seemed to avoid him. Whenever she happened to be left alone with him, she manifested symptoms of embarrassment, instead of the frank manner of former days. On such occasions she did not know what to say to him; and even he felt confused. In the course of a few days Liza had become changed from what he remembered her to have been. In her movements, in her voice, even in her laugh itself, a secret uneasiness manifested itself—something different from her former evenness of temper. Her mother, like a true egotist, did not suspect anything; but Marfa Timofeevna began to watch her favourite closely.

Lavretsky often blamed himself for having shown Liza the newspaper he had

received ; he could not help being conscious that there was something in his state of feeling which must be repugnant to a very delicate mind. He supposed, moreover, that the change which had taken place in Liza arose from a struggle with herself, from her doubt as to what answer she should give to Panshine.

One day she returned him a book—one of Walter Scott's novels—which she had herself asked him for.

“Have you read it?” he asked.

“No ; I am not in a mood for books just now,” she answered, and then was going away.

“Wait a minute,” he said. “It is so long since I got a talk with you alone. You seem afraid of me. Is it so?”

“Yes.”

“But why?”

“I don't know.”

Lavretsky said nothing for a time.

“Tell me,” he began again presently ;
“haven’t you made up your mind yet ?”

“What do you mean ?” she replied, without lifting her eyes from the ground.

“Surely you understand me ?”

Liza suddenly reddened.

“Don’t ask me about anything !” she exclaimed with animation. “I know nothing. I don’t know myself.”

And she went hastily away.

The next day Lavretsky arrived at the Kalitines’ after dinner, and found all the preparations going on there for an evening-service. In a corner of the dining-room, a number of small icons* in golden frames, with tarnished little diamonds in the aureolas, were already placed against the wall on a square table, which was covered with a table-cloth of unspotted whiteness. An old servant, dressed in a grey coat and wearing shoes, traversed the whole room deliberately

* Sacred pictures.

and noiselessly, placed two slender candlesticks with wax tapers in them before the icons, crossed himself, bowed, and silently left the room.

The drawing-room was dark and empty. Lavretsky went into the dining-room, and asked if it was any one's name-day.* He was told in a whisper that it was not, but that a service was to be performed in accordance with the request of Lizaveta Mikhailovna and Marfa Timofeevna. The miracle-working picture was to have been brought, but it had gone to a sick person thirty versts off.

Soon afterwards the priest arrived with his acolytes—a middle-aged man, with a large bald spot on his head, who coughed loudly in the vestibule. The ladies immediately came out of the boudoir in a row, and asked him for his blessing. Lavretsky

* A Russian keeps, not his birthday, but his name-day—that is, the day set apart by the church in honour of the saint after whom he is called.

bowed to them in silence, and they as silently returned his greeting. The priest remained a little longer where he was, then coughed again, and asked, in a low, deep voice—

“Do you wish me to begin?”

“Begin, reverend father,” replied Maria Dmitrievna.

The priest began to robe. An acolyte in a surplice humbly asked for a coal from the fire. The scent of the incense began to spread around. The footmen and the maid-servants came in from the ante-chamber and remained standing in a compact body at the door. The dog Roska, which, as a general rule, never came down-stairs from the upper story, now suddenly made its appearance in the dining-room. The servants tried to drive it out, but it got frightened, first ran about, and then lay down. At last a footman got hold of it and carried it off.

The service began. Lavretsky retired into a corner. His feelings were strange

and almost painful. He himself could not well define what it was that he felt. Maria Dmitrievna stood in front of the rest, with an arm-chair behind her. She crossed herself carelessly, languidly, like a great lady. Sometimes she looked round, at others she suddenly raised her eyes towards the ceiling. The whole affair evidently bored her.

Marfa Timofeevna seemed pre-occupied. Nastasia Carpovna bowed down to the ground, and raised herself up again, with a sort of soft and modest sound. As for Liza, she did not stir from the spot where she was standing, she did not change her position upon it; from the concentrated expression of her face, it was evident that she was praying uninterruptedly and fervently.

At the end of the service she approached the crucifix, and kissed both it and the large red hand of the priest. Maria Dmitrievna invited him to take tea. He threw off his stole, assumed a sort of mundane air, and

went into the drawing-room with the ladies. A conversation began, not of a very lively nature. The priest drank four cups of tea, wiping the bald part of his head the while with his handkerchief, stated among other things that the merchant Avoshnikof had given seven hundred roubles towards the gilding of the church's "cumpola," and favoured the company with an unfailing cure for freckles.

Lavretsky tried to get a seat near Liza, but she maintained her grave, almost austere air, and never once looked at him. She seemed intentionally to ignore him. A kind of serious, cold enthusiasm appeared to possess her. For some reason or other Lavretsky felt inclined to smile, and to utter words of jesting; but his heart was ill at ease, and at last he went away in a state of secret perplexity. There was something, he felt, in Liza's mind, which he could not understand.

On another occasion, as Lavretsky was sitting in the drawing-room, listening to the insinuating tones of Gedeonovsky's wearisome verbiage, he suddenly turned round, he knew not why, and caught the deep, attentive, inquiring look of Liza's eyes. That enigmatical look was directed towards him. The whole night long Lavretsky thought of it. His love was not like that of a boy, nor was it consistent with his age to sigh and to torment himself; and indeed it was not with a feeling of a merely passionate nature that Liza had inspired him. But love has its sufferings for every age—and he became perfectly acquainted with them.

XXXI.

ONE day Lavretsky was as usual at the Kalitines'. An overpoweringly hot afternoon had been followed by such a beautiful evening that Madame Kalitine, notwithstanding her usual aversion to a draught, ordered all the windows and the doors leading into the garden to be opened. Moreover, she announced that she was not going to play cards, that it would be a sin to do so in such lovely weather, and that it was a duty to enjoy the beauties of nature.

Panshine was the only stranger present. Influenced by the evening, and feeling a flow of artistic emotion, but not wishing to sing in Lavretsky's presence, he threw himself into poetry. He read—and read well,

only with too much consciousness, and with needlessly subtle distinctions—some of Lermontof's poems (Pushkin had not then succeeded in getting back into fashion). Suddenly, as if ashamed of his emotion, he began, in reference to the well-known *Duma*,* to blame and attack the new generation, not losing the opportunity which the subject afforded him of setting forth how, if the power lay in his hands, he would alter everything his own way.

“Russia,” he said, “has lagged behind Europe, and must be driven up alongside of it. We are told that ours is a young country. That is all nonsense. Besides, we have no inventive power. Khomakof† himself admits that we have never invented so much as a mousetrap. Consequently we are obliged to imitate others, whether we like it or no.

* For the poem so-called, see note at end of chapter.

† A poet, who was one of the leaders of the Slavophile party.

“‘We are ill,’ says Lermontof, and I agree with him. But we are ill because we have only half become Europeans. With that which has wounded us we must be cured.” (“*Le cadastre*,” thought Lavretsky.) “Among us,” he continued, “the best heads, *les meilleures têtes*, have long been convinced of this. In reality, all peoples are alike; only introduce good institutions, and the affair is settled. To be sure, one may make some allowance for the existing life of the nation; that is our business, the business of people who are” (he all but said “statesmen”) “in the public service; but, if need arises, don’t be uneasy. Those institutions will modify that life itself.”

Maria Dmitrievna admiringly agreed with him. “What a clever man to have talking in my house!” she thought. Liza kept silence, leaning back in the recess of the window. Lavretsky kept silence too. Marfa Timofeevna, who was playing cards

in a corner with her friend, grumbled something to herself. Panshine walked up and down the room, speaking well, but with a sort of suppressed malice. It seemed as if he was blaming, not so much a whole generation, as some individuals of his acquaintance. A nightingale had made its home in a large lilac bush which stood in the Kalitines' garden, and the first notes of its even-song made themselves heard during the pauses in the eloquent harangue; the first stars began to kindle in the rose-stained sky above the motionless tops of the lime trees. Presently Lavretsky rose and began to reply to Panshine. A warm dispute soon commenced.

Lavretsky spoke in defence of the youth of Russia, and of the capacity of the country to suffice for itself. He surrendered himself and his contemporaries, but he stood up for the new generation, and their wishes and convictions. Panshine replied inci-

sively and irritably, declared that clever people were bound to reform everything, and at length was carried away to such an extent that, forgetting his position as a chamberlain, and his proper line of action as a member of the civil service, he called Lavretsky a retrograde conservative, and alluded—very distantly it is true—to his false position in society. Lavretsky did not lose his temper, nor did he raise his voice; he remembered that Mikhalevich also had called him a retrograde, and, at the same time, a disciple of Voltaire; but he calmly beat Panshine on every point. He proved the impracticability of reforming by sudden bounds, and of introducing changes haughtily schemed on the heights of official self-complacency—changes which were not justified by an intimate acquaintance with the country, nor by a living faith in any ideal, not even in one of negation, and in illustration of this he adduced his

own education. He demanded before everything else that the true spirit of the nation should be recognised, and that it should be looked up to with that humility without which no courage is possible, not even that wherewith to oppose falsehood. Finally he did not attempt to make any defence against what he considered a deserved reproach, that of giving way to a wasteful and inconsiderate expenditure of both time and strength.

“All that is very fine!” at last exclaimed Panshine with vexation. “But here are you, just returned to Russia; what do you intend to do?”

“To cultivate the soil,” replied Lavretsky; “and to cultivate it as well as possible.”

“No doubt that is very praiseworthy,” answered Panshine, “and I hear you have already had great success in that line; but

you must admit that every one is not fitted for such an occupation——”

“*Une nature poétique,*” said Marie Dmitrievna, “certainly cannot go cultivating the soil——*et puis*, it is your vocation, Vladimir Nikolaevich, to do everything *en grand*.”

This was too much even for Panshine, who grew confused, and changed the conversation. He tried to turn it on the beauty of the starry heavens, on Schubert’s music, but somehow his efforts did not prove successful. He ended by offering to play at piquet with Maria Dmitrievna. “What! on such an evening as this?” she feebly objected; but then she ordered the cards to be brought.

Panshine noisily tore open a new pack; and Liza and Lavretsky, as if by mutual consent, both rose from their seats and placed themselves near Marfa Timofeevna. They both suddenly experienced a great

feeling of happiness, mingled with a sense of mutual dread, which made them glad of the presence of a third person ; at the same time, they both felt that the uneasiness from which they had suffered during the last few days had disappeared, and would return no more.

The old lady stealthily tapped Lavretsky on the cheek, screwed up her eyes with an air of pleasant malice, and shook her head repeatedly, saying in a whisper, "You've done for the genius—thanks!" Then all became still in the room. Nothing was to be heard but the faint crackling of the wax lights, and sometimes the fall of a hand on the table, or an exclamation on the score of points, and the song of the nightingale which, powerful, almost insolently loud, flowed in a great wave through the window, together with the dewy freshness of the night.

NOTE.—The following is a tolerably literal translation of the poem of Lermontof's to which allusion is made on p. 56, and which created no slight sensation when it first appeared, in the year 1838:—

A THOUGHT.

Sorrowfully do I look upon the present generation! Its future seems either gloomy or meaningless, and meanwhile, whether under the burden of knowledge or of doubt, it grows old in idleness.

When scarcely out of the cradle, we reap the rich inheritance of the errors of our fathers, and the results of their tardy thoughts. Life soon grows wearisome for us, like a banquet at a stranger's festival, like a level road leading nowhere.

In the commencement of our career we fall away without a struggle, shamefully careless about right and wrong, shamefully timid in the face of danger.

So does a withered fruit which has prematurely ripened—attractive neither to the eye nor to the palate—hang like an alien orphan among blossoms; and the hour of their beauty is that of its fall.

Our intellect has dried up in the pursuit of fruitless science, while we have been concealing the purest of hopes from the knowledge of those who are near and dear to us, and stifling the noble utterance of such sentiments as are ridiculed by a mocking spirit.

We have scarcely tasted of the cup of enjoyment, but for all that we have not husbanded our youthful

strength. While we were always in dread of satiety, we have contrived to drain each joy of its best virtues.

No dreams of poetry, no creations of art, touch our hearts with a sweet rapture. We stingily hoard up within our breasts the last remnants of feeling — a treasure concealed by avarice, and which remains utterly unprofitable.

We love and we hate capriciously, sacrificing nothing either to our animosity or to our affection, a certain secret coldness possessing our souls, even while a fire is raging in our veins.

The sumptuous pleasures of our ancestors weary us, as well as their simple, childish diversions. Without enjoying happiness, without reaping glory, we hasten onwards to the grave, casting nought but mocking glances behind us.

A saturnine crowd, soon to be forgotten, we silently pass away from the world and leave no trace behind, without having handed down to the ages to come a single work of genius, or even a solitary thought laden with meaning.

And our descendants, regarding our memory with the severity of citizens called to sit in judgment on an affair concerning the state, will allude to us with the scathing irony of a ruined son, when he speaks of the father who has squandered away his patrimony.

XXXII.

LIZA had not uttered a single word during the dispute between Lavretsky and Panshine, but she had followed it attentively, and had been on Lavretsky's side throughout. She cared very little about politics; but she was repelled by the self-sufficient tone of the worldly official, who had never shown himself in that light before, and his contempt for Russia offended her. It had never occurred to Liza to imagine that she was a patriot. But she was thoroughly at her ease with the Russian people. The Russian turn of mind pleased her. She would chat for hours, without thinking anything of it, with the chief of the village

on her mother's estate, when he happened to come into town, and talk with him as if he were her equal, without any signs of seigneurial condescension. All this Lavretsky knew well. For his own part, he never would have cared to reply to Panshine; it was only for Liza's sake that he spoke.

They said nothing to each other, and even their eyes but rarely met. But they both felt that they had been drawn closer together that evening, they knew that they both had the same likes and dislikes. On one point only were they at variance; but Liza secretly hoped to bring him back to God. They sat down close by Marfa Timofeevna, and seemed to be following her game; nay, more, did actually follow it. But, meantime, their hearts grew full within them, and nothing escaped their senses—for them the nightingale sang softly, and the stars burnt, and the trees

whispered, steeped in slumberous calm and lulled to rest by the warmth and softness of the summer night.

Lavretsky gave himself up to its wave of fascination, and his heart rejoiced within him. But no words can express the change that was being worked within the pure soul of the maiden by his side. Even for herself it was a secret ; let it remain, then, a secret for all others also. No one knows, no eye has seen or ever will see, how the grain which has been confided to the earth's bosom becomes instinct with vitality, and ripens into stirring, blossoming life.

Ten o'clock struck, and Marfa Timofeevna went up-stairs to her room with Nastasia Carpovna. Lavretsky and Liza walked about the room, stopped in front of the open door leading into the garden, looked first into the gloaming distance and then at each other—and smiled. It seemed as if they would so gladly have taken each

others hands and talked to their hearts' content.

They returned to Maria Dmitrievna and Panshine, whose game dragged itself out to an unusual length. At length the last "king" came to an end, and Madame Kalitine rose from her cushioned chair, sighing, and uttering sounds of weariness the while. Panshine took his hat, kissed her hand, remarked that nothing prevented more fortunate people from enjoying the night or going to sleep, but that he must sit up till morning over stupid papers, bowed coldly to Liza—with whom he was angry, for he had not expected that she would ask him to wait so long for an answer to his proposal—and retired. Lavretsky went away directly after him, following him to the gate, where he took leave of him. Panshine aroused his coachman, poking him in the neck with the end of his stick, seated himself in his droshky, and

drove away. But Lavretsky did not feel inclined to go home, so he walked out of the town into the fields.

The night was still and clear, although there was no moon. For a long time Lavretsky wandered across the dewy grass. A narrow footpath lay in his way, and he followed it. It led him to a long hedge, in which there was a wicket gate. Without knowing why he did so, he tried to push it open; with a faint creak it did open, just as if it had been awaiting the touch of his hand. Lavretsky found himself in a garden, took a few steps along a lime-tree alley, and suddenly stopped short in utter amazement. He saw that he was in the Kalitines' garden.

A thick hazel bush close at hand flung a black patch of shadow on the ground. Into this he quickly passed, and there stood for some time without stirring from the spot, inwardly wondering and from time to time

shrugging his shoulders. "This has not happened without some purpose," he thought.

Around all was still. From the house not the slightest sound reached him. He began cautiously to advance. At the corner of an alley all the house suddenly burst upon him with its dusky façade. In two windows only on the upper story were lights glimmering. In Liza's apartment a candle was burning behind the white blind, and in Marfa Timofeevna's bed-room glowed the red flame of the small lamp hanging in front of the sacred picture, on the gilded cover of which it was reflected in steady light. Down below the door leading on to the balcony gaped wide open.

Lavretsky sat down on a wooden bench, rested his head on his hand, and began looking at that door and at Liza's window. Midnight sounded in the town; in the house a little clock feebly struck twelve.

The watchman beat the hour with quick strokes on his board. Lavretsky thought of nothing, expected nothing. It was pleasant to him to feel himself near Liza, to sit in her garden, and on the bench where she also often sat.

The light disappeared from Liza's room.

"A quiet night to you, dear girl," whispered Lavretsky, still sitting where he was without moving, and not taking his eyes off the darkened window.

Suddenly a light appeared at one of the windows of the lower story, crossed to another window, and then to a third. Some one was carrying a candle through the room. "Can it be Liza? It cannot be," thought Lavretsky. He rose. A well-known face glimmered in the darkness, and Liza appeared in the drawing-room, wearing a white dress, her hair hanging loosely about her shoulders. Quietly approaching the table, she leant over it, put

down the candle and began looking for something. Then she turned towards the garden, and crossed to the open door; presently her light, slender, white-robed form stood still on the threshold.

A kind of shiver ran over Lavretsky's limbs, and the word "Liza!" escaped all but inaudibly from his lips.

She started, and then began to peer anxiously into the darkness.

"Liza!" said Lavretsky louder than before, and came out from the shadow of the alley.

Liza was startled. For a moment she bent forward; then she shrank back. She had recognised him. For the third time he called her, and held out his hands towards her. She passed out from the doorway and came into the garden.

"You!" she said. "You here!"

"I—I—— Come and hear what I have to say," whispered Lavretsky; and

then, taking her hand, he led her to the bench.

She followed him without a word ; but her pale face, her fixed look, and all her movements, testified her unutterable astonishment. Lavretsky made her sit down on the bench, and remained standing in front of her.

“ I did not think of coming here,” he began. “ I was led here—— I—I—I love you,” he ended by saying, feeling very nervous in spite of himself.

Liza slowly looked up at him. It seemed as if it had not been till that moment that she understood where she was, and what was happening to her. She would have risen, but she could not. Then she hid her face in her hands.

“ Liza !” exclaimed Lavretsky ; “ Liza !” he repeated, and knelt down at her feet.

A slight shudder ran over her shoulders ; she pressed the fingers of her white hands closer to her face.

“What is it?” said Lavretsky. Then he heard a low sound of sobbing, and his heart sank within him. He understood the meaning of those tears.

“Can it be that you love me?” he whispered, with a caressing gesture of the hand.

“Stand up, stand up, Fedor Ivanovich,” she at last succeeded in saying. “What are we doing?”

He rose from his knees, and sat down by her side on the bench. She was no longer crying, but her eyes, as she looked at him earnestly, were wet with tears.

“I am frightened! What are we doing?” she said again.

“I love you,” he repeated. “I am ready to give my whole life for you.”

She shuddered again, just as if something had stung her, then she raised her eyes to heaven.

“That is entirely in the hands of God,” she replied.

“But you love me, Liza? We are going to be happy?”

She let fall her eyes. He softly drew her to himself, and her head sank upon his shoulder. He bent his head a little aside, and kissed her pale lips.

Half an hour later Lavretsky was again standing before the garden gate. He found it closed now, and was obliged to get over the fence. He returned into the town, and walked along its sleeping streets. His heart was full of happiness, intense and unexpected; all misgiving was dead within him. “Disappear, dark spirit of the Past!” he said to himself. “She loves me. She will be mine.”

Suddenly he seemed to hear strange triumphal sounds floating in the air above his head. He stopped. With greater grandeur than before the sounds went clanging forth. With strong, sonorous stream did

they flow along—and in them, as it seemed to him, all his happiness spoke and sang. He looked round. The sounds came from the two upper windows of a small house.

“Lemm!” he exclaimed, and ran up to the door of the house. “Lemm, Lemm!” he repeated loudly.

The sounds died away, and the form of the old man, wrapped in a dressing-gown, with exposed chest and wildly floating hair, appeared at the window.

“Ha! it is you,” he said, with an air of importance.

“Christophor Fedorovich, what wonderful music! For heaven’s sake let me in!”

The old man did not say a word, but with a dignified motion of the hand he threw the key of the door out of the window into the street. Lavretsky hastily ran up-stairs, entered the room, and was going to fling himself into Lemm’s arms. But Lemm, with a gesture of command, pointed

to a chair, and said sharply in his incorrect Russian, "Sit down and listen," then took his seat at the piano, looked round with a proud and severe glance, and began to play.

Lavretsky had heard nothing like it for a long time indeed. A sweet, passionate melody spoke to the heart with its very first notes. It seemed all thoroughly replete with sparkling light, fraught with inspiration, with beauty, and with joy. As it rose and sank it seemed to speak of all that is dear, and secret, and holy, on earth. It spoke too of a sorrow that can never end, and then it went to die away in the distant heaven.

Lavretsky had risen from his seat and remained standing, rooted to the spot, and pale with rapture. Those sounds entered very readily into his heart; for it had just been stirred into sensitiveness by the touch of a happy love, and they themselves were glowing with love.

“Play it again,” he whispered, as soon as the last final chord had died away.

The old man looked at him with an eagle’s glance, and said slowly, in his native tongue, striking his breast with his hand, “It is I who wrote that, for I am a great musician,” and then he played once more his wonderful composition.

There were no lights in the room, but the rays of the rising moon entered obliquely through the window. The listening air seemed to tremble into music, and the poor little apartment looked like a sanctuary, while the silvery half-light gave to the head of the old man a noble and spiritual expression.

Lavretsky came up to him and embraced him. At first Lemm did not respond to his embrace—even put him aside with his elbow. Then he remained rigid for some time, without moving any of his limbs, wearing the same severe, almost repellent, look

as before, and only growling out twice, "Aha!" But at last a change came over him, his face grew calm, and his head was no longer thrown back. Then, in reply to Lavretsky's warm congratulations, he first smiled a little, and afterwards began to cry, sobbing faintly, like a child.

"It is wonderful," he said, "your coming just at this very moment. But I know everything—I know all about it."

"You know everything?" exclaimed Lavretsky in astonishment.

"You have heard what I said," replied Lemm. "Didn't you understand that I knew everything?"

Lavretsky did not get to sleep till the morning. All night long he remained sitting on the bed. Neither did Liza sleep. She was praying.

XXXIII.

THE reader knows how Lavretsky had been brought up and educated. We will now say a few words about Liza's education. She was ten years old when her father died, who had troubled himself but little about her. Overwhelmed with business, constantly absorbed in the pursuit of adding to his income, a man of bilious temperament and a sour and impatient nature, he never grudged paying for the teachers and tutors, or for the dress and the other necessities required by his children, but he could not bear "to nurse his squallers," according to his own expression—and, indeed, he never had any time for nursing them. He used to work, become absorbed in business, sleep

a little, play cards on rare occasions, then work again. He often compared himself to a horse yoked to a threshing-machine. "My life has soon been spent," he said on his death-bed, a bitter smile contracting his lips.

As to Maria Dmitrievna, she really troubled herself about Liza very little more than her husband did, for all that she had taken credit to herself, when speaking to Lavretsky, for having educated her children herself. She used to dress her like a doll, and when visitors were present, she would caress her and call her a good child and her darling, and that was all. Every continuous care troubled that indolent lady.

During her father's lifetime, Liza was left in the hands of a governess, a *Mademoiselle* Moreau, from Paris; but after his death she passed under the care of Marfa Timofeevna. That lady is already known to the reader. As for *Mademoiselle* Moreau,

she was a very small woman, much wrinkled, and having the manners of a bird, and the character of a bird also. In her youth she had led a very dissipated life; in her old age she retained only two passions—the love of dainties and the love of cards. When her appetite was satiated, and when she was not playing cards or talking nonsense, her countenance rapidly assumed an almost death-like expression. She would sit and gaze and breathe, but it was plain that there was not a single idea stirring in her mind. She could not even be called good; goodness is not an attribute of birds. In consequence either of her frivolous youth or of the air of Paris, which she had breathed from her childhood's days, there was rooted in her a kind of universal scepticism, which usually found expression in the words, "*Tout ça c'est des bêtises.*" She spoke an incorrect, but purely Parisian jargon, did not talk scandal, and had no caprices—what more

could one expect from a governess? Over Liza she had but little influence. All the more powerful, then, was the influence exercised over the child by her nurse, Agafia Vlasievna.

That woman's story was a remarkable one. She sprang from a family of peasants, and was married at sixteen to a peasant; but she stood out in sharp relief against the mass of her peasant sisters. As a child, she had been spoilt by her father, who had been for twenty years the head of his commune, and who had made a good deal of money. She was singularly beautiful, and for grace and taste she was unsurpassed in the whole district, and she was intelligent, eloquent, and courageous. Her master, Dmitry Pestof, Madame Kalitine's father, a quiet and reserved man, saw her one day on the threshing-floor, had a talk with her, and fell passionately in love with her. Soon after this she became a widow. Pestof,

although he was a married man, took her into his house, and had her dressed like one of the household. Agafia immediately made herself at home in her new position, just as if she had never led a different kind of life. Her complexion grew fairer, her figure became more rounded, and her arms, under their muslin sleeves, showed "white as wheat-flour," like those of a wealthy tradesman's wife. The *samovar* never quitted her table; she would wear nothing but silks and velvets; she slept on feather-beds of down.

This happy life lasted five years; then Dmitry Pestof died. His widow, a lady of a kindly character, respected the memory of her late husband too much to wish to treat her rival with ignominy, especially as Agafia had never forgotten herself in her presence; but she married her to a herdsman, and sent her away from her sight. Three years passed by. One hot summer

day the lady happened to pay a visit to the cattle-yard. Agafia treated her to such a cool dish of rich cream, behaved herself so modestly, and looked so clean, so happy, so contented with everything, that her mistress informed her that she was pardoned, and allowed her to return into the house. Before six months had passed, the lady had become so attached to her, that she promoted her to the post of housekeeper, and confided all the domestic arrangements to her care. Thus Agafia came back into power, and again became fair and plump. Her mistress trusted her implicitly.

So passed five more years. Then misfortune came a second time on Agafia. Her husband, for whom she had obtained a place as footman, took to drink, began to absent himself from the house, and ended by stealing half-a-dozen of his mistress's silver spoons, and hiding them, till a fitting opportunity should arise for carrying them

off, in his wife's box. The theft was found out. He was turned into a herdsman again, and Agafia fell into disgrace. She was not dismissed from the house, but she was degraded from the position of housekeeper to that of a needle-woman, and she was ordered to wear a handkerchief on her head instead of a cap. To every one's astonishment, Agafia bore the punishment inflicted on her with calm humility. By this time she was about thirty years old, all her children were dead, and her husband soon afterwards died also. The season for reflection had arrived for her, and she did reflect. She became very silent and very devout, never once letting matins or mass go unheeded by, and she gave away all her fine clothes. For fifteen years she led a quiet, grave, peaceful life, quarrelling with no one, giving way to all. If any one spoke to her harshly, she only bent her head and returned thanks for the lesson. Her mistress had forgiven her long

ago, and had taken the ban off her—had even given her a cap off her own head to wear. But she herself refused to doff her handkerchief, and she would never consent to wear any but a sombre-coloured dress. After the death of her mistress she became even more quiet and more humble than before. It is easy to work upon a Russian's fears and to secure his attachment, but it is difficult to acquire his esteem; that he will not readily give, nor will he give it to every one. But the whole household esteemed Agafia. No one even so much as remembered her former faults: it was as if they had been buried in the grave with her old master.

When Kalitine married Maria Dmitrievna, he wanted to entrust the care of his household to Agafia; but she refused, "on account of temptation." He began to scold her, but she only bowed low and left the room. The shrewd Kalitine generally understood people;

so he understood Agafia's character, and did not lose sight of her. When he settled in town, he appointed her, with her consent, to the post of nurse to Liza, who was then just beginning her fifth year.

At first Liza was frightened by the serious, even severe, face of her new nurse; but she soon became accustomed to her, and learned to love her warmly. The child was of a serious disposition herself. Her features called to mind Kalitine's regular and finely moulded face, but her eyes were not like those of her father; they shone with a quiet light, expressive of an earnest goodness that is rarely seen in children. She did not care about playing with dolls; she never laughed loudly nor long, and a feeling of self-respect always manifested itself in her conduct. It was not often that she fell into a reverie, but when she did so there was almost always good reason for it; then she would keep silence for a time, but generally ended by

addressing to some person older than herself a question which showed that her mind had been working under the influence of a new impression. She very soon got over her childish lisp, and even before she was four years old she spoke with perfect distinctness. She was afraid of her father. As for her mother, she regarded her with a feeling which she could scarcely define, not being afraid of her, but not behaving towards her caressingly. As for that, she did not caress even her nurse, although she loved her with her whole heart. She and Agafia were never apart. It was curious to see them together. Agafia, all in black, with a dark handkerchief on her head, her face emaciated and of a wax-like transparency, but still beautiful and expressive, would sit erect on her chair, knitting stockings. At her feet Liza would be sitting on a little stool, also engaged in some work, or, her clear eyes uplifted with a serious expression,

listening to what Agafia was telling her. Agafia never told her nursery tales. With a calm and even voice, she used to tell her about the life of the Blessed Virgin, or the lives of the hermits and people pleasing to God, or about the holy female martyrs. She would tell Liza how the saints lived in the deserts; how they worked out their salvation, enduring hunger and thirst; and how they did not fear kings, but confessed Christ; and how the birds of the air brought them food, and the wild beasts obeyed them; how from those spots where their blood had fallen flowers sprang up. ("Were they carnations?" once asked Liza, who was very fond of flowers.) Agafia spoke about these things to Liza seriously and humbly, as if she felt that it was not for her to pronounce such grand and holy words; and as Liza listened to her, the image of the Omnipresent, Omniscient God entered with a sweet influence into her very soul, filling her with a pure

and reverent dread, and Christ seemed to her to be close to her, and to be a friend, almost, as it were, a relation. It was Agafia also who taught her to pray. Sometimes she awoke Liza at the early dawn, dressed her hastily, and secretly conveyed her to matins. Liza would follow her on tiptoe, scarcely venturing to breathe. The cold, dim morning light, the raw air pervading the almost empty church, the very secrecy of those unexpected excursions, the cautious return home to bed—all that combination of the forbidden, the strange, the holy, thrilled the young girl, penetrated to the inmost depths of her being.

Agafia never blamed any one, and she never scolded Liza for any childish faults. When she was dissatisfied about anything, she merely kept silence, and Liza always understood that silence. With a child's quick instinct, she also knew well when Agafia was dissatisfied with others, whether

it were with Maria Dmitrievna or with Kalitine himself.

For rather more than three years Agafia waited upon Liza. She was replaced by Mademoiselle Moreau; but the frivolous Frenchwoman, with her dry manner and her constant exclamation, *Tout ça c'est des bêtises!* could not expel from Liza's heart the recollection of her much-loved nurse. The seeds that had been sown had pushed their roots too far for that. After that Agafia, although she had ceased to attend Liza, remained for some time longer in the house, and often saw her pupil, and treated her as she had been used to do.

But when Marfa Timofeevna entered the Kalitines' house, Agafia did not get on well with her. The austere earnestness of the former "wearer of the coarse petticoat" * did not please the impatient and self-willed old

* The *Panovnitsa*, or wearer of the *Panorna*, a sort of petticoat made of a coarse stuff of motley hue.

lady. Agafia obtained leave to go on a pilgrimage, and she never came back. Vague rumours asserted that she had retired into a schismatic convent. But the impression left by her on Liza's heart did not disappear. Just as before, the girl went to mass, as if she were going to a festival; and when in church prayed with enthusiasm, with a kind of restrained and timid rapture, at which her mother secretly wondered not a little. Even Marfa Timofeevna, although she never put any constraint upon Liza, tried to induce her to moderate her zeal, and would not let her make so many prostrations. It was not a lady-like habit, she said.

Liza was a good scholar, that is, a persevering one; she was not gifted with a profound intellect, or with extraordinarily brilliant faculties, and nothing yielded to her without demanding from her no little exertion. She was a good pianiste, but no one else, except Lemm, knew how much that accomplish-

ment had cost her. She did not read much, and she had no "words of her own;" but she had ideas of her own, and she went her own way. In this matter, as well as in personal appearance, she may have taken after her father, for he never used to ask any one's advice as to what he should do.

And so she grew up, and so did her life pass, gently and tranquilly, until she had attained her nineteenth year. She was very charming, but she was not conscious of the fact. In all her movements, a natural, somewhat unconventional, grace revealed itself; in her voice there sounded the silver notes of early youth. The slightest pleasurable sensation would bring a fascinating smile to her lips, and add a deeper light, a kind of secret tenderness, to her already lustrous eyes. Kind and soft-hearted, thoroughly penetrated by a feeling of duty, and a fear of injuring any one in any way, she was attached to all whom she knew, but to no

one person in particular. To God alone did she consecrate her love—loving Him with a timid, tender enthusiasm. Until Lavretsky came, no one had troubled the calmness of her inner life.

Such was Liza.

XXXIV.

ABOUT the middle of the next day Lavretsky went to the Kalitines'. On his way there he met Panshine, who galloped past on horseback, his hat pulled low over his eyes. At the Kalitines', Lavretsky was not admitted, for the first time since he had made acquaintance with the family. Maria Dmitrievna was asleep, the footman declared; her head ached. Marfa Timofeevna and Lizaveta Mikhailovna were not at home.

Lavretsky walked round the outside of the garden in the vague hope of meeting Liza, but he saw no one. Two hours later he returned to the house, but received the same answer as before; moreover, the footman looked at him in a somewhat marked

manner. Lavretsky thought it would be unbecoming to call three times in one day, so he determined to drive out to Vasilievskoe, where, moreover, he had business to transact.

On his way there he framed various plans, each one more charming than the rest. But on his arrival at his aunt's estate, sadness took hold of him. He entered into conversation with Anton; but the old man, as if purposely, would dwell on none but gloomy ideas. He told Lavretsky how Glafira Petrovna, just before her death, had bitten her own hand. And then, after an interval of silence, he added, with a sigh, "Every man, *barin batyushka*,* is destined to devour himself."

It was late in the day before Lavretsky set out on his return. The music he had heard the night before came back into his mind, and the image of Liza dawned on his

* Seigneur, father.

heart in all its sweet serenity. He was touched by the thought that she loved him ; and he arrived at his little house in the town, tranquillised and happy.

The first thing that struck him when he entered the vestibule, was a smell of patchouli, a perfume he disliked exceedingly. He observed that a number of large trunks and boxes were standing there, and he thought there was a strange expression on the face of the servant who hastily came to meet him. He did not stop to analyse his impressions, but went straight into the drawing-room.

A lady, who wore a black silk dress with flounces, and whose pale face was half-hidden by a cambric handkerchief, rose from the sofa, took a few steps to meet him, bent her carefully-arranged and perfumed locks—and fell at his feet. Then, for the first time, he recognised her. That lady was his wife !

His breathing stopped. He leant against the wall.

“Do not drive me from you, Theodore!” she said in French; and her voice cut him to the heart like a knife. He looked at her without comprehending what he saw, and yet, at the same time, he involuntarily remarked that she had grown paler and stouter.

“Theodore!” she continued, lifting her eyes from time to time towards heaven, her exceedingly pretty fingers, tipped with polished nails of rosy hue, writhing the while in preconcerted agonies—“Theodore, I am guilty before you—deeply guilty. I will say more—I am a criminal; but hear what I have to say. I am tortured by remorse; I have become a burden to myself; I can bear my position no longer. Ever so many times I have thought of addressing you, but I was afraid of your anger. But I have determined to break

every tie with the past——*puis, j'ai été si malade.* I was so ill," she added, passing her hand across her brow and cheek, "I took advantage of the report which was spread abroad of my death, and I left everything. Without stopping anywhere, I travelled day and night to come here quickly. For a long time I was in doubt whether to appear before you, my judge——*paraître devant vous, mon juge*; but at last I determined to go to you, remembering your constant goodness. I found out your address in Moscow. Believe me," she continued, quietly rising from the ground and seating herself upon the very edge of an arm-chair, "I often thought of death, and I could have found sufficient courage in my heart to deprive myself of life—ah! life is an intolerable burden to me now—but the thought of my child, of my little Ada, prevented me. She is here now; she is asleep in the next room, poor child. She is tired

out. You will see her, won't you? She, at all events, is innocent before you; and so unfortunate—so unfortunate!” exclaimed Madame Lavretsky, and melted into tears.

Lavretsky regained his consciousness at last. He stood away from the wall, and turned towards the door.

“You are going away?” exclaimed his wife, in accents of despair. “Oh, that is cruel! without saying a single word to me—not even one of reproach! This contempt kills me; it is dreadful!”

Lavretsky stopped.

“What do you want me to say to you?” he said, in a hollow tone.

“Nothing—nothing!” she cried with animation. “I know that I have no right to demand anything. I am no fool, believe me. I don't hope, I don't dare to hope, for pardon. I only venture to entreat you to tell me what I ought to do, where I ought

to live. I will obey your orders like a slave, whatever they may be."

"I have no orders to give," replied Lavretsky, in the same tone as before. "You know that all is over between us—and more than ever now. You can live where you like; and if your allowance is too small——"

"Ah, don't say such terrible things!" she said, interrupting him. "Forgive me, if only—if only for the sake of this angel."

And having uttered these words, Varvara Pavlovna suddenly rushed into the other room, and immediately returned with a very tastefully-dressed little girl in her arms. Thick flaxen curls fell about the pretty little rosy face and over the great black, sleepy eyes of the child, who smilingly blinked at the light, and held on to her mother's neck by a chubby little arm.

"*Ada, vois, c'est ton père,*" said Varvara Pavlovna, removing the curls from the

child's eyes, and kissing her demonstratively.

"Prie-le avec moi."

"C'est là, papa?" the little girl lispingly began to stammer.

"Oui, mon enfant, n'est-ce pas que tu l'aimes?"

But the interview had become intolerable to Lavretsky.

"What melodrama is it just such a scene occurs in?" he muttered, and left the room.

Varvara Pavlovna remained standing where she was for some time, then she slightly shrugged her shoulders, took the little girl back into the other room, undressed her, and put her to bed. Then she took a book and sat down near the lamp. There she waited about an hour, but at last she went to bed herself.

"Eh bien, madame?" asked her maid,—a Frenchwoman whom she had brought with her from Paris,—as she unlaced her stays.

"Eh bien, Justine!" replied Varvara

Pavlovna. "He has aged a great deal, but I think he is just as good as ever. Give me my gloves for the night, and get the grey dress, the high one, ready for to-morrow morning—and don't forget the mutton cutlets for Ada. To be sure it will be difficult to get them here, but we must try."

"*À la guerre comme à la guerre!*" replied Justine, and put out the light.

XXXV.

For more than two hours Lavretsky wandered about the streets. The night he had spent in the suburbs of Paris came back into his mind. His heart seemed rent within him, and his brain felt vacant and as it were numbed, while the same set of evil, gloomy, mad thoughts went ever circling in his mind. "She is alive; she is here," he whispered to himself with constantly recurring amazement. He felt that he had lost Liza. Wrath seemed to suffocate him. The blow had too suddenly descended upon him. How could he have so readily believed the foolish gossip of a *feuilleton*, a mere scrap of paper? "But if I had not believed it," he thought, "what would have

been the difference? I should not have known that Liza loves me. She would not have known it herself." He could not drive the thought of his wife out of his mind; her form, her voice, her eyes haunted him. He cursed himself, he cursed everything in the world.

Utterly tired out, he came to Lemm's house before the dawn. For a long time he could not get the door opened; at last the old man's nightcapped head appeared at the window. Peevish and wrinkled, his face bore scarcely any resemblance to that which, austere inspired, had looked royally down upon Lavretsky twenty-four hours before, from all the height of its artistic grandeur.

"What do you want?" asked Lemm. "I cannot play every night. I have taken a *tisane*."

But Lavretsky's face wore a strange expression which could not escape notice.

The old man shaded his eyes with his hand, looked hard at his nocturnal visitor, and let him in.

Lavretsky came into the room and dropped on a chair. The old man remained standing before him, wrapping the skirts of his motley old dressing-gown around him, stooping very much, and biting his lips.

“My wife has come,” said Lavretsky, with drooping head; and then he suddenly burst into a fit of involuntary laughter.

Lemm’s face expressed astonishment, but he preserved a grave silence, only wrapping his dressing-gown tighter around him.

“I suppose you don’t know,” continued Lavretsky. “I supposed—I saw in a newspaper that she was dead.”

“O—h! Was it lately you saw that?” asked Lemm.

“Yes.”

“O—h!” repeated the old man, raising his eyebrows, “and she has come here?”

“Yes. She is now in my house, and I—I am a most unfortunate man.”

And he laughed again.

“You are a most unfortunate man,” slowly repeated Lemm.

“Christophor Fedorovich,” presently said Lavretsky, “will you undertake to deliver a note?”

“Hm! To whom, may I ask?”

“To Lizav——”

“Ah! yes, yes, I understand. Very well. But when must the note be delivered?”

“To-morrow, as early as possible.”

“Hm! I might send my cook, Katrin. No, I will go myself.”

“And will you bring me back the answer?”

“I will.”

Lemm sighed.

“Yes, my poor young friend,” he said, “you certainly are—a most unfortunate young man.”

Lavretsky wrote a few words to Liza, telling her of his wife's arrival, and begging her to make an appointment for an interview. Then he flung himself on the narrow sofa with his face to the wall. The old man also lay down on his bed, and there long tossed about, coughing and swallowing mouthfuls of his *tisane*.

The morning came; they both arose—strange were the looks they exchanged. Lavretsky would have liked to have killed himself just then. Katrin the cook brought them some bad coffee, and then, when eight o'clock struck, Lemm put on his hat and went out, saying that he was to have given a lesson at the Kalitines' at ten o'clock, but that he would find a fitting excuse for going there sooner.

Lavretsky again threw himself on the couch, and again a bitter laugh broke out from the depths of his heart. He thought of how his wife had driven him out of the

house; he pictured to himself Liza's position, and then he shut his eyes, and wrung his hands above his head.

At length Lemm returned and brought him a scrap of paper, on which Liza had traced the following words in pencil: "We cannot see each other to-day; perhaps we may to-morrow evening. Farewell." Lavretsky thanked Lemm absently and stiffly, and then went home.

He found his wife at breakfast. Ada, with her hair all in curl-papers, and dressed in a short white frock with blue ribbons, was eating a mutton cutlet. Varvara Pavlovna rose from her seat the moment Lavretsky entered the room, and came towards him with an expression of humility on her face. He asked her to follow him into his study, and when there he shut the door and began to walk up and down the room. She sat down, folded her hands, and began to follow his movements with eyes which were

still naturally beautiful, besides having their lids dyed a little.

For a long time Lavretsky could not begin what he had to say, feeling that he had not complete mastery over himself. As for his wife, he saw that she was not at all afraid of him, although she looked as if she might at any moment go off into a fainting fit.

"Listen, Madame," at last he began, breathing with difficulty, and at times setting his teeth hard. "There is no reason why we should be hypocritical towards each other. I do not believe in your repentance ; but even if it were genuine, it would be impossible for me to rejoin you and live with you again."

Varvara Pavlovna bit her lips and half closed her eyes. "That's dislike," she thought. "It's all over. I'm not even a woman for him."

"Impossible," repeated Lavretsky, and

buttoned his coat. "I don't know why you have been pleased to honour me by coming here. Most probably you are out of funds."

"Don't say that—you wound my feelings," whispered Varvara Pavlovna.

"However that may be, you are still, to my sorrow, my wife. I cannot drive you away, so this is what I propose. You can go to Lavriki—to-day if you like—and live there. There is an excellent house there, as you know. You shall have everything you can want, besides your allowance. Do you consent?"

Varvara Pavlovna raised her embroidered handkerchief to her face.

"I have already told you," she said, with a nervous twitching of her lips, "that I will agree to any arrangement you may please to make for me. At present I have only to ask you—will you at least allow me to thank you for your generosity?"

“No thanks, I beg of you—we shall do much better without them,” hastily exclaimed Lavretsky. “Then,” he added, approaching the door, “I may depend upon——”

“To-morrow I will be at Lavriki,” replied Varvara Pavlovna, rising respectfully from her seat. “But Fedor Ivanich——” (She no longer familiarly called him Theodore).

“What do you wish to say?”

“I am aware that I have not yet in any way deserved forgiveness. But may I hope that, at least, in time——”

“Ah, Varvara Pavlovna,” cried Lavretsky, interrupting her, “you are a clever woman ; but I, too, am not a fool. I know well that you have no need of forgiveness. Besides, I forgave you long ago ; but there has always been a gulf between you and me.”

“I shall know how to submit,” answered Varvara Pavlovna, and bowed her head. “I

have not forgotten my fault. I should not have wondered if I had learnt that you had even been glad to hear of my death," she added in a soft voice, with a slight wave of her hand towards the newspaper, which was lying on the table where Lavretsky had forgotten it.

Lavretsky shuddered. The *feuilleton* had a pencil mark against it. Varvara Pavlovna gazed at him with an expression of even greater humility than before on her face. She looked very handsome at that moment. Her grey dress, made by a Parisian milliner, fitted closely to her pliant figure, which seemed almost like that of a girl of seventeen. Her soft and slender neck, circled by a white collar, her bosom's gentle movement under the influence of her steady breathing, her arms and hands, on which she wore neither bracelets nor rings, her whole figure, from her lustrous hair to the tip of the scarcely visible *bottine*, all was so artistic !

Lavretsky eyed her with a look of hate, feeling hardly able to abstain from crying *brava*, hardly able to abstain from striking her down—and went away.

An hour later he was already on the road to Vasilievskoe, and two hours later Varvara Pavlovna ordered the best carriage on hire in the town to be got for her, put on a simple straw hat with a black veil, and a modest mantilla, left Justine in charge of Ada, and went to the Kalitines'. From the inquiries Justine had made, Madame Lavretsky had learnt that her husband was in the habit of going there every day.

XXXVI.

THE day on which Lavretsky's wife arrived in O.—a sad day for him—was also a day of trial for Liza. Before she had had time to go down-stairs and say good morning to her mother, the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard underneath the window, and, with a secret feeling of alarm, she saw Panshine ride into the court-yard. "It is to get a definite answer that he has come so early," she thought; and she was not deceived. After taking a turn through the drawing-room, he proposed to go into the garden with her; and when there he asked her how his fate was to be decided.

Liza summoned up her courage, and told him that she could not be his wife. He lis-

tened to all she had to say, turning himself a little aside, with his hat pressed down over his eyes. Then, with perfect politeness, but in an altered tone, he asked her if that was her final decision, and whether he had not, in some way or other, been the cause of such a change in her ideas. Then he covered his eyes with his hand for a moment, breathed one quick sigh, and took his hand away from his face.

“I wanted not to follow the beaten track,” he said sadly; “I wanted to choose a companion for myself, according to the dictates of my heart. But I see that is not to be. So farewell to my fancy!”

He made Liza a low bow, and went back into the house.

She hoped he would go away directly; but he went to her mother’s boudoir, and remained an hour with her. As he was leaving the house, he said to Liza, “*Votre mère vous appelle : Adieu à jamais !*” then he got on

his horse, and immediately set off at full gallop.

On going to her mother's room, Liza found her in tears. Panshine had told her about his failure.

“Why should you kill me? Why should you kill me?” Thus did the mortified widow begin her complaint. “What better man do you want? Why is he not fit to be your husband? A chamberlain! and so disinterested! Why, at Petersburg he might marry any of the maids of honour! And I—I had so longed for it. And how long is it since you changed your mind about him? Wherever has this cloud blown from?—for it has never come of its own accord. Surely it isn't that wiseacre? A pretty adviser you have found, if that's the case!”

“And as for him, my poor, dear friend,” continued Maria Dmitrievna, “how respectful he was, how attentive, even in the midst of his sorrow! He has promised not to desert

me. Oh, I shall never be able to bear this ! Oh, my head is beginning to ache dreadfully ! Send Palashka here. You will kill me, if you don't think better of it. Do you hear ?" And then, after having told Liza two or three times that she was ungrateful, Maria Dmitrievna let her go away.

Liza went to her room. But before she had had a moment's breathing-time after her scene with Panshine and with her mother, another storm burst upon her, and that from the quarter from which she least expected it.

Marfa Timofeevna suddenly came into her room, and immediately shut the door after her. The old lady's face was pale ; her cap was all awry ; her eyes were flashing, her lips quivering. Liza was lost in astonishment. She had never seen her shrewd and steady aunt in such a state before.

"Very good, young lady !" Marfa Timofeevna began to whisper, with a broken

and trembling voice. "Very good! Only who taught you that, my mother—— Give me some water; I can't speak."

"Do be calm, aunt. What is the matter?" said Liza, giving her a glass of water. "Why, I thought you didn't like M. Panshine yourself."

Marfa Timofeevna pushed the glass away. "I can't drink it. I should knock out my last teeth, if I tried. What has Panshine to do with it? Whatever have we to do with Panshine? Much better tell me who taught you to make appointments with people at night. Eh, my mother!"

Liza turned very pale.

"Don't try to deny it, please," continued Marfa Timofeevna. "Shurochka saw it all herself, and told me. I've had to forbid her chattering, but she never tells lies."

"I am not going to deny it, aunt," said Liza, in a scarcely audible voice.

"Ah, ah! Then it is so, my mother.

You made an appointment with him, that old sinner, that remarkably sweet creature !”

“ No.”

“ How was it, then ?”

“ I came down to the drawing-room to look for a book. He was out in the garden ; and he called me.”

“ And you went ? Very good, indeed ! Perhaps you love him, then ?”

“ I do love him,” said Liza quietly.

“ Oh, my mothers ! She does love him !” Here Marfa Timofeevna took off her cap. “ She loves a married man ! Eh ? Loves him !”

“ He had told me——” began Liza.

“ What he had told you, this little hawk ? Eh, what ?”

“ He had told me that his wife was dead.”

Marfa Timofeevna made the sign of the cross. “ The kingdom of heaven be to her,” she whispered. “ She was a frivolous woman. But don’t let’s think about that. So that’s

how it is. I see, he's a widower. Oh yes, he's going ahead. He has killed one wife, and now he's after a second. A nice sort of person he is, to be sure. But, niece, let me tell you this, in my young days things of this kind used to turn out very badly for girls. Don't be angry with me, my mother. It's only fools who are angry with the truth. I've even told them not to let him in to see me to-day. I love him, but I shall never forgive him for this. So he is a widower! Give me some water. But as to your putting Panshine's nose out of joint, why I think you're a good girl for that. But don't go sitting out at night with men creatures. Don't make me wretched in my old age, and remember I'm not altogether given over to fondling. I can bite, too—— A widower!"

Marfa Timofeevna went away, and Liza sat down in a corner, and cried a long time. Her heart was heavy within her. She had

not deserved to be so humiliated. It was not in a joyous manner that love had made itself known to her. It was for the second time since yesterday morning that she was crying now. This new and unlooked-for feeling had only just sprung into life within her heart, and already how dearly had she had to pay for it, how roughly had other hands dealt with her treasured secret ! She felt ashamed, and hurt, and unhappy ; but neither doubt nor fear troubled her, and Lavretsky became only still dearer to her. She had hesitated so long as she was not sure of her own feelings ; but after that interview, after that kiss—— she could no longer hesitate. She knew now that she loved, and that she loved earnestly, honestly ; she knew that her's was a firm attachment, one which would last for her whole life. As for threats, she did not fear them. She felt that this tie was one which no violence could break.

XXXVII.

MARIA DMITRIEVNA was greatly embarrassed when she was informed that Madame Lavretsky was at the door. She did not even know whether she ought to receive her, being afraid of offending Lavretsky; but at last curiosity prevailed. "After all," she thought, "she is a relation, too." So she seated herself in an easy chair, and said to the footman, "Show her in."

A few minutes went by, then the door was thrown open, and Varvara Pavlovna, with a swift and almost noiseless step, came up to Maria Dmitrievna, and, without giving her time to rise from her chair, almost went down upon her knees before her.

"Thank you, aunt," she began in Russian, speaking softly, but in a tone of deep

emotion. "Thank you; I had not even dared to hope that you would condescend so far. You are an angel of goodness."

Having said this, Varvara Pavlovna unexpectedly laid hold of one of Maria Dmitrievna's hands, gently pressed it between her pale-lilac Jouvin's gloves, and then lifted it respectfully to her pouting, rosy lips. Maria Dmitrievna was entirely carried away by the sight of such a handsome and exquisitely dressed woman almost at her feet, and did not know what position to assume. She felt half inclined to draw back her hand, half inclined to make her visitor sit down, and to say something affectionate to her. She ended by rising from her chair and kissing Varvara's smooth and perfumed forehead.

Varvara appeared to be totally overcome by that kiss.

"How do you do? *bonjour*," said Maria Dmitrievna. "I never imagined——how-

ever, I'm really delighted to see you. You will understand, my dear, it is not my business to be judge between a man and his wife."

"My husband is entirely in the right," said Varvara Pavlovna, interrupting her. "I alone am to blame."

"Those are very praiseworthy sentiments, very," said Maria Dmitrievna. "Is it long since you arrived? Have you seen him? But do sit down."

"I arrived yesterday," answered Varvara Pavlovna, sitting herself on a chair in an attitude expressive of humility. "I have seen my husband, and I have spoken with him."

"Ah! Well, and what did he say?"

"I was afraid that my coming so suddenly might make him angry," continued Varvara Pavlovna; "but he did not refuse to see me."

"That is to say, he has not—— Yes,

yes, I understand," said Maria Dmitrievna. "It is only outwardly that he seems a little rough ; his heart is really soft."

"Fedor Ivanovich has not pardoned me. He did not want to listen to me. But he has been good enough to let me have Lavriki to live in."

"Ah, a lovely place !"

"I shall set off there to-morrow, according to his desire. But I considered it a duty to pay you a visit first."

"I am very, very much obliged to you, my dear. One ought never to forget one's relations. But, do you know, I am astonished at your speaking Russian so well. *C'est étonnant.*"

Varvara Pavlovna smiled.

"I have been too long abroad, Maria Dmitrievna, I am well aware of that. But my heart has always been Russian, and I have not forgotten my native land."

"Yes, yes. There's nothing like that.

Your husband certainly didn't expect you in the least. Yes, trust my experience—*la patrie avant tout*. Oh! please let me! What a charming mantilla you have on!”

“Do you like it?” Varvara took it quickly off her shoulders. “It is very simple; one of Madame Baudran’s.”

“One can see that at a glance. How lovely, and in what exquisite taste! I feel sure you’ve brought a number of charming things with you. How I should like to see them!”

“All my toilette is at your service, dearest aunt. I might show your maid something if you liked. I have brought a maid from Paris, a wonderful needlewoman.”

“You are exceedingly good, my dear. But, really, I haven’t the conscience——”

“Haven’t the conscience!” repeated Varvara Pavlovna, in a reproachful tone. “If you wish to make me happy, you will dispose of me as if I belonged to you.”

Maria Dmitrievna fairly gave way.

“*Vous êtes charmante,*” she said. “But why don’t you take off your bonnet and gloves?”

“What! You allow me?” asked Varvara Pavlovna, gently clasping her hands with an air of deep emotion.

“Of course. You will dine with us, I hope. I—I will introduce my daughter to you.” (Maria Dmitrievna felt embarrassed for a moment, but then, “Well, so be it,” she thought.) “She happens not to be quite well to-day.”

“Oh! *ma tante*, how kind you are!” exclaimed Varvara Pavlovna, lifting her handkerchief to her eyes.

At this moment the page announced Gedeonovsky’s arrival, and the old gossip came in smiling, and bowing profoundly. Maria Dmitrievna introduced him to her visitor. At first he was somewhat abashed, but Varvara Pavlovna behaved to him with

such coquettish respectfulness that his ears soon began to tingle, and amiable speeches and gossiping stories began to flow uninterruptedly from his lips.

Varvara Pavlovna listened to him, slightly smiling at times, then by degrees she too began to talk. She spoke in a modest way about Paris, about her travels, about Baden ; she made Maria Dmitrievna laugh two or three times, and each time she uttered a gentle sigh afterwards, as if she were secretly reproaching herself for her unbecoming levity ; she asked leave to bring Ada to the house ; she took off her gloves, and with her smooth white hands she pointed out how and where flounces, ruffles, lace, and so forth, were worn ; she promised to bring a bottle of new English scent—the Victoria essence—and was as pleased as a child when Maria Dmitrievna consented to accept it as a present ; and she melted into tears at the remembrance of the emotion she

had experienced when she heard the first Russian bells.

“So profoundly did they sink into my very heart,” she said.

At that moment Liza came into the room.

All that day, ever since the moment when, cold with dismay, Liza had read Lavretsky’s note, she had been preparing herself for an interview with his wife. She foresaw that she would see her, and she determined not to avoid her, by way of inflicting upon herself a punishment for what she considered her culpable hopes. The unexpected crisis which had taken place in her fate had profoundly shaken her. In the course of about a couple of hours her face seemed to have grown thin. But she had not shed a single tear. “It is what you deserve,” she said to herself, repressing, though not without difficulty, and at the cost of considerable agitation, certain bitter thoughts and evil impulses which frightened her as they arose in

her mind. "Well, I must go," she thought, as soon as she heard of Madame Lavretsky's arrival, and she went.

She stood outside the drawing-room door for a long time before she could make up her mind to open it. At last, saying to herself, "I am guilty before her," she entered the room, and forced herself to look at her, even forced herself to smile. Varvara Pavlovna came forward to meet her as soon as she saw her come in, and made her a slight, but still a respectful salutation.

"Allow me to introduce myself," she began, in an insinuating tone. "Your mamma has been so indulgent towards me that I hope that you too will be—good to me."

The expression of Varvara Pavlovna's face as she uttered these last words, her cunning smile, her cold and, at the same time, loving look, the movements of her arms and shoulders, her very dress, her whole being,

aroused such a feeling of repugnance in Liza's mind that she absolutely could not answer her, and only by a strong effort could succeed in holding out her hand to her. "This young lady dislikes me," thought Varvara Pavlovna, as she squeezed Liza's cold fingers, then, turning to Maria Dmitrievna, she said in a half whisper, "*Mais, elle est délicieuse !*"

Liza faintly reddened. In that exclamation she seemed to detect a tone of irony and insult. However, she determined not to trust to that impression, and she took her seat at her embroidery frame near the window.

Even there Varvara Pavlovna would not leave her in peace. She came to her, and began to praise her cleverness and taste. Liza's heart began to beat with painful force. Scarcely could she master her feelings, scarcely could she remain sitting quietly in her place. It seemed to her as if Varvara

Pavlovna knew all and were mocking her with secret triumph. Fortunately for her, Gedeonovsky began to talk to Varvara and diverted her attention. Liza bent over her frame and watched her without being observed. "That woman," she thought, "was once loved by *him*." But then she immediately drove out of her mind even so much as the idea of Lavretsky. She felt her head gradually beginning to swim, and she was afraid of losing command over herself. Maria Dmitrievna began to talk about music.

"I have heard, my dear," she began, "that you are a wonderful *virtuosa*."

"I haven't played for a long time," replied Varvara Pavlovna, but she immediately took her seat at the piano, and ran her fingers rapidly along the keys. "Do you wish me to play?"

"If you will do us that favour."

Varvara Pavlovna played in a masterly

style a brilliant and difficult study by Herz. Her performance was marked by great power and rapidity.

“*A sylphide !*” exclaimed Gedeonovsky.

“It is wonderful !” declared Maria Dmitrievna. “I must confess you have fairly astonished me, Varvara Pavlovna,” calling that lady by her name for the first time. “Why you might give concerts. We have a musician here, an old German, very learned and quite an original. He gives Liza lessons. You would simply make him go out of his mind.”

“Is Lizaveta Mikhailovna also a musician ?” asked Madame Lavretsky, turning her head a little towards her.

“Yes; she doesn’t play badly, and she is very fond of music. But what does that signify in comparison with you ? But we have a young man here besides. You really must make his acquaintance. He is a thorough artist in feeling, and he composes

charmingly. He is the only person here who can fully appreciate you."

"A young man?" said Varvara Pavlovna. "What is he? Some poor fellow?"

"I beg your pardon. He is the leading cavalier here, and not here only—*et à Pétersbourg*—a chamberlain, received in the best society. You surely must have heard of him—Vladimir Nikolaevich Panshine. He is here on government business—a future minister!"

"And an artist too?"

"An artist in feeling, and so amiable. You shall see him. He has been here a great deal for some time past. I asked him to come this evening. I *hope* he will come," added Maria Dmitrievna with a slight sigh and a bitter smile.

Liza understood the hidden meaning of that smile, but she had other things to think about then.

"And he's young?" repeated Varvara

Pavlovna, lightly modulating from key to key.

“Twenty-eight years old—and a most pleasing exterior. *Un jeune homme accompli.*”

“A model young man, one may say,” remarked Gedeonovsky.

Varvara Pavlovna suddenly began to play a noisy waltz by Strauss, beginning with so loud and quick a trill that Gedeonovsky fairly started. Right in the middle of the waltz she passed abruptly into a plaintive air, and ended with the *Fra poco* out of *Lucia*. She had suddenly remembered that joyful music was not in keeping with her position.

Maria Dmitrievna was deeply touched by the air from *Lucia*, in which great stress was laid upon the sentimental passages.

“What feeling!” she whispered to Gedeonovsky.

“*A Sylphide!*” repeated Gedeonovsky, lifting his eyes towards heaven.

The dinner hour arrived. Marfa Timofeevna did not come down from up-stairs until the soup was already placed on the table. She behaved very coldly to Varvara Pavlovna, answering her amiable speeches with broken phrases, and never even looking at her. Varvara soon perceived that there was no conversation to be got out of that old lady, so she gave up talking to her. On the other hand Madame Kalitine became still more caressing in her behaviour toward her guest. She was vexed by her aunt's rudeness.

After all, it was not only Varvara that the old lady would not look at. She did not once look at Liza either, although her eyes almost glowed with a meaning light. Pale, almost yellow, there she sat, with compressed lips, looking as if she were made of stone, and would eat nothing.

As for Liza, she seemed calm, and was so in reality. Her heart was quieter than it had been. A strange callousness, the cal-

lousness of the condemned, had come over her.

During dinner Varvara Pavlovna said little. She seemed to have become timid again, and her face wore an expression of modest melancholy. Gedeonovsky was the only person who kept the conversation alive, relating several of his stories, though from time to time he looked timidly at Marfa Timofeevna, and coughed. That cough always seized him whenever he was going to embellish the truth in her presence. But this time she did not meddle with him, never once interrupted him.

After dinner it turned out that Varvara Pavlovna was very fond of the game of preference. Madame Kalitine was so pleased at this that she felt quite touched, and inwardly thought, "Why, what a fool Fedor Ivanovich must be! Fancy not having been able to comprehend such a woman!"

She sat down to cards with Varvara and

Gedeonovsky ; but Marfa Timofeevna carried off Liza to her room up-stairs, saying that the girl “had no face left,” and she was sure her head must be aching.

“Yes, her head aches terribly,” said Madame Kalitine, addressing Varvara Pavlovna, and rolling her eyes. “I often have such headaches myself.”

“Really !” answered Varvara Pavlovna.

Liza entered her aunt’s room, and sank on a chair perfectly worn out. For a long time Marfa Timofeevna looked at her in silence, then she quietly knelt down before her, and began, still quite silently, to kiss her hands—first one, and then the other.

Liza bent forwards and reddened—then she began to cry ; but she did not make her aunt rise, nor did she withdraw her hands from her. She felt that she had no right to withdraw them—had no right to prevent the old lady from expressing her sorrow, her sympathy—from asking to be pardoned

for what had taken place the day before. And Marfa Timofeevna could not sufficiently kiss those poor, pale, nerveless hands ; while silent tears poured down from her eyes and from Liza's too. And the cat, Matros, purred in the large chair by the side of the stocking and the ball of worsted ; the long, thin flame of the little lamp feebly wavered in front of the holy picture ; and in the next room, just the other side of the door, stood Nastasia Carpovna, and furtively wiped her eyes with a check pocket-handkerchief rolled up into a sort of ball.

XXXVIII.

DOWN-STAIRS, meanwhile, the game of preference went on. Maria Dmitrievna was winning, and was in a very good humour. A servant entered, and announced Panshine's arrival. Maria Dmitrievna let fall her cards, and fidgeted in her chair. Varvara Pavlovna looked at her with a half-smile, and then turned her eyes towards the door.

Panshine appeared in a black dress-coat, buttoned all the way up, and wearing a high English shirt-collar. "It was painful for me to obey; but, you see, I have come;" that was what was expressed by his serious face, evidently just shaved for the occasion.

"Why, Valdemar!" exclaimed Maria

Dmitrievna, "you used always to come in without being announced."

Panshine made no other reply than a look, and bowed politely to Maria Dmitrievna, but did not kiss her hand. She introduced him to Varvara Pavlovna. He drew back a pace, bowed to her with the same politeness and with an added expression of respectful grace, and then took a seat at the card-table. The game soon came to an end. Panshine asked after Lizaveta Mikhailovna, and expressed his regret at hearing that she was not quite well. Then he began to converse with Varvara Pavlovna, weighing every word carefully and emphasizing it distinctly in true diplomatic style, and, when she spoke, respectfully hearing her answers to the end. But the seriousness of his diplomatic tone produced no effect upon Varvara Pavlovna, who would not have anything to do with it. On the contrary, she looked him full in the face with a sort of smiling

earnestness, and in talking with him seemed thoroughly at her ease, while her delicate nostrils lightly quivered, as though with suppressed laughter.

Maria Dmitrievna began to extol Varvara's cleverness. Panshine bent his head politely, as far as his shirt-collar permitted him, declared that he had already been convinced of the exceptional nature of her talents, and all but brought round the conversation to the subject of Metternich himself. Varvara Pavlovna half-closed her velvety eyes, and, having said in a low voice, "But you are an artist also, *un confrère*," added still lower, "*Venez!*" and made a sign with her head in the direction of the piano. This single word, "*Venez!*" so abruptly spoken, utterly changed Panshine's appearance, as if by magic, in a single moment. His careworn air disappeared, he began to smile, he became animated, he unbuttoned his coat, and, saying "I an artist! Not at all; but you, I hear,

are an artist indeed," he followed Varvara Pavlovna to the piano.

"Tell him to sing the romance, 'How the moon floats,'" exclaimed Maria Dmitrievna.

"You sing?" asked Varvara Pavlovna, looking at him with a bright and rapid glance. "Sit down there."

Panshine began to excuse himself.

"Sit down," she repeated, tapping the back of the chair in a determined manner.

He sat down, coughed, pulled up his shirt-collar, and sang his romance.

"*Charmant*," said Varvara Pavlovna. "You sing admirably—*vous avez du style*. Sing it again."

She went round to the other side of the piano, and placed herself exactly opposite Panshine. He repeated his romance, giving a melodramatic variation to his voice. Varvara looked at him steadily, resting her elbows on the piano, with her white hands

on a level with her lips. The song ended, "*Charmant ! Charmante idée,*" she said, with the quiet confidence of a connoisseur. "Tell me, have you written anything for a woman's voice—a mezzo-soprano?"

"I scarcely write anything," answered Panshine. "I do so only now and then—between business-hours. But do you sing?"

"Oh, yes! do sing us something," said Maria Dmitrievna.

Varvara Pavlovna tossed her head, and pushed her hair back from her flushed cheeks. Then, addressing Panshine, she said—

"Our voices ought to go well together. Let us sing a duet. Do you know '*Son geloso,*' or '*La ci darem,*' or '*Mira la bianca luna?*'"

"I used to sing '*Mira la bianca luna,*'" answered Panshine; "but it was a long time ago. I have forgotten it now."

"Never mind, we will hum it over first by way of experiment. Let me come there."

Varvara Pavlovna sat down to the piano. Panshine stood by her side. They hummed over the duet, Varvara Pavlovna correcting him several times ; then they sang it out loud, and afterwards repeated it twice—" *Mira la bianca lu-u-una.*" Varvara's voice had lost its freshness, but she managed it with great skill. At first Panshine was nervous, and sang rather false, but afterwards he experienced an artistic glow ; and, if he did not sing faultlessly, at all events he shrugged his shoulders, swayed his body to and fro, and from time to time lifted his hand aloft, like a genuine vocalist.

Varvara Pavlovna afterwards played two or three little pieces by Thalberg, and coquetishly chanted a French song. Maria Dmitrievna did not know how to express her delight, and several times she felt inclined to send for Liza. Gedeonovsky, too, could not find words worthy of the occasion, and could only shake his head. Suddenly, however,

and quite unexpectedly, he yawned, and only just contrived to hide his mouth with his hand.

That yawn did not escape Varvara's notice. She suddenly turned her back upon the piano, saying, "*Assez de musique comme ça* ; let us talk a little," and crossed her hands before her.

"*Oui, assez de musique,*" gladly repeated Panshine, and began a conversation with her—a brisk and airy conversation, carried on in French. "Exactly as if it were in one of the best Paris drawing-rooms," thought Maria Dmitrievna, listening to their quick and supple talk.

Panshine felt completely happy. He smiled, and his eyes shone. At first, when he happened to meet Maria Dmitrievna's eyes, he would pass his hand across his face and frown and sigh abruptly, but after a time he entirely forgot her presence, and gave himself up unreservedly to the en-

joyment of a half-fashionable, half-artistic chat.

Varvara Pavlovna proved herself a great philosopher. She had an answer ready for everything; she doubted nothing; she did not hesitate at anything. It was evident that she had talked often and much with all kinds of clever people. All her thoughts and feelings circled around Paris. When Panshine made literature the subject of the conversation, it turned out that she, like him, had read nothing but French books. George Sand irritated her; Balzac she esteemed, although he wearied her; to Eugène Sue and Scribe she ascribed a profound knowledge of the human heart; Dumas and Féval she adored. In reality, she preferred Paul de Kock to all the others; but, as may be supposed, she did not even mention his name. To tell the truth, literature did not interest her overmuch.

Varvara Pavlovna avoided with great skill

everything that might, even remotely, allude to her own position. In all that she said, there was not even the slightest mention made of love; on the contrary, her language seemed rather to express an austere feeling with regard to the allurements of the passions, and to breathe the accents of disillusionment and resignation.

Panshine replied to her, but she refused to agree with him. Strange to say, however, at the very time when she was uttering words which conveyed what was frequently a harsh judgment, the accents of those very words were tender and caressing, and her eyes expressed—— What those charming eyes really expressed it would be hard to say, but it was something which had no harshness about it, rather a mysterious sweetness. Panshine tried to make out their hidden meaning, tried to make his own eyes eloquent, but he was conscious that he failed. He acknowledged that Varvara Pavlovna,

in her capacity as a real lioness from abroad, stood on a higher level than he; and, therefore, he was not altogether master of himself.

Varvara Pavlovna had a habit of every now and then just touching the sleeve of the person with whom she was conversing. These light touches greatly agitated Panshine. She had the faculty of easily becoming intimate with any one. Before a couple of hours had passed, it seemed to Panshine as if he had known her an age, and as if Liza—that very Liza whom he had loved so much, and to whom he had proposed the evening before—had vanished in a kind of fog.

Tea was brought; the conversation became even more free from restraint than before. Madame Kalitine rang for the page, and told him to ask Liza to come down if her headache was better. At the sound of Liza's name, Panshine began to talk about

self-sacrifice, and to discuss the question as to which is the more capable of such sacrifice—man or woman. Maria Dmitrievna immediately became excited, began to affirm that the woman is the more capable, asserted that she could prove the fact in a few words, got confused over them, and ended with a sufficiently unfortunate comparison. Varvara Pavlovna took up a sheet of music, and half-screening her face with it, bent over towards Panshine, and said in a whisper, while she nibbled a biscuit, a quiet smile playing about her lips and her eyes, “*Elle n’a pas inventé la poudre, la bonne dame.*”

Panshine was somewhat astonished, and a little alarmed by Varvara’s audacity, but he did not detect the amount of contempt for himself that lay hid in that unexpected sally, and—forgetting all Maria Dmitrievna’s kindness and her attachment towards him, forgetting the dinners she had given him, the money she had lent him—he replied (un-

happy mortal that he was) in the same tone, and with a similar smile, "*Je crois bien !*" and what is more he did not even say "*Je crois bien !*" but "*J'crois ben !*"

Varvara Pavlovna gave him a friendly look, and rose from her seat. At that moment Liza entered the room. Marfa Timofeevna had tried to prevent her going, but in vain. Liza was resolved to endure her trial to the end. Varvara Pavlovna advanced to meet her, attended by Panshine, whose face again wore its former diplomatic expression.

"How are you now?" asked Varvara.

"I am better now, thank you," replied Liza.

"We have been passing the time with a little music," said Panshine. "It is a pity you did not hear Varvara Pavlovna. She sings charmingly, *en artiste consommée*."

"Come here, *ma chère*," said Madame Kalitine's voice.

With childlike obedience, Varvara immediately went to her, and sat down on a stool at her feet. Maria Dmitrievna had called her away, in order that she might leave her daughter alone with Panshine, if only for a moment. She still hoped in secret that Liza would change her mind. Besides this, an idea had come into her mind, which she wanted by all means to express.

“Do you know,” she whispered to Varvara Pavlovna, “I want to try and reconcile you and your husband. I cannot promise to succeed, but I will try. He esteems me very much, you know.”

Varvara slowly looked up at Maria Dmitrievna, and gracefully clasped her hands together.

“You would be my saviour, *ma tante*,” she said, with a sad voice. “I don’t know how to thank you properly for all your kindness; but I am too guilty before Fedor Ivanovich. He cannot forgive me.”

“But did you actually—in reality—?” began Maria Dmitrievna, with lively curiosity.

“Do not ask me,” said Varvara, interrupting her, and then looked down. “I was young, light headed—— However, I don’t wish to make excuses for myself.”

“Well, in spite of all that, why not make the attempt? Don’t give way to despair,” replied Maria Dmitrievna, and was going to tap her on the cheek, but looked at her, and was afraid. “She is modest and discreet,” she thought, “but, for all that, a *lionne* still!”

“Are you unwell?” asked Panshine meanwhile.

“I am not quite well,” replied Liza.

“I understand,” he said, after rather a long silence, “Yes, I understand.”

“What do you mean?”

“I understand,” significantly repeated Panshine, who simply was at a loss for something to say.

Liza felt confused, but then she thought, “What does it matter?”

Meanwhile Panshine assumed an air of mystery and maintained silence, looking in a different direction with a grave expression on his face.

“Why I fancy it must be past eleven!” observed Maria Dmitrievna. Her guests understood the hint and began to take leave. Varvara was obliged to promise to come and dine to-morrow, and to bring Ada with her. Gedeonovsky, who had all but gone to sleep as he sat in a corner, offered to escort her home. Panshine bowed gravely to all the party; afterwards, as he stood on the steps after seeing Varvara into her carriage, he gave her hand a gentle pressure, and exclaimed, as she drove away, “*Adieu !*” Gedeonovsky sat by her side in the carriage, and all the way home she amused herself by putting the tip of her little foot, as if by accident, on his foot.

He felt abashed, and tried to make her complimentary speeches. She tittered, and made eyes at him when the light from the street lamps shone into the carriage. The waltz she had played rang in her ears and excited her. Wherever she might be she had only to imagine a ball-room and a blaze of light, and swift circling round to the sound of music, and her heart would burn within her, her eyes would glow with a strange lustre, a smile would wander around her lips, a kind of bacchanalian grace would seem to diffuse itself over her whole body.

When they arrived at her house Varvara lightly bounded from the carriage, as only a *lionne* could bound, turned towards Gedeonovsky, and suddenly burst out laughing in his face.

“A charming creature,” thought the councillor of state, as he made his way home to his lodgings, where his servant was

waiting for him with a bottle of opodeldoc.
“ It’s as well that I’m a steady man——
But why did she laugh ? ”

All that night long Marfa Timofeevna sat
watching by Liza’s bedside.

XXXIX.

LAVRETSKY spent a day and a half at Vasilievskoe, wandering about the neighbourhood almost all the time. He could not remain long in any one place. His grief goaded him on. He experienced all the pangs of a ceaseless, impetuous, and impotent longing. He remembered the feeling which had come over him the day after his first arrival. He remembered the resolution he had formed then, and he felt angrily indignant with himself. What was it that had been able to wrest him aside from that which he had acknowledged as his duty, the single problem of his future life? The thirst after happiness—the old thirst after happiness.

“It seems that Mikhalevich was right after all,” he thought. “You wanted to find happiness in life once more,” he said to himself. “You forgot that for happiness to visit a man even once is an undeserved favour, a steeping in luxury. Your happiness was incomplete—was false, you may say. Well, show what right you have to true and complete happiness! Look around you and see who is happy, who enjoys his life! There is a peasant going to the field to mow. It may be that he is satisfied with his lot. But what of that? Would you be willing to exchange lots with him? Remember your own mother. How exceedingly modest were her wishes, and yet what sort of a lot fell to her share! You seem to have only been boasting before Panshine, when you told him that you had come into Russia to till the soil. It was to run after the girls in your old age that you came. Tidings of freedom reached you, and you

flung aside everything, forgot everything, ran like a child after a butterfly."

In the midst of his reflections the image of Liza constantly haunted him. By a violent effort he tried to drive it away, and along with it another haunting face, other beautiful but ever malignant and hateful features.

Old Anton remarked that his master was not quite himself; and, after sighing several times behind the door, and several times on the threshold, he ventured to go up to him, and advised him to drink something hot. Lavretsky spoke to him harshly, and ordered him out of the room: afterwards he told the old man he was sorry he had done so; but this only made Anton sadder than he had been before.

Lavretsky could not stop in the drawing-room. He fancied that his great grandfather, Andrei, was looking out from his frame with contempt on his feeble de-

scendant. "So much for you! You float in shallow water!"* the wry lips seemed to be saying to him. "Is it possible," he thought, "that I cannot gain mastery over myself; that I am going to yield to this——this trifling affair!" (Men who are seriously wounded in a battle always think their wounds "a mere trifle;" when a man can deceive himself no longer, it is time to give up living.) "Am I really a child? Well, yes. I have seen near at hand, I have almost grasped, the possibility of gaining a life-long happiness—and then it has suddenly disappeared. It is just the same in a lottery. Turn the wheel a little more, and the pauper would perhaps be rich. If it is not to be, it is not to be—and all is over. I will betake me to my work with set teeth, and I will force myself to be silent; and I shall succeed, for it is not for the first time that I take myself in hand. And why have

* See note to vol. i. p. 194.

I run away? Why do I stop here, vainly hiding my head, like an ostrich? Misfortune a terrible thing to look in the face! Nonsense!"

"Anton!" he called loudly, "let the tarantass be got ready immediately."

"Yes," he said to himself again. "I must compel myself to be silent; I must keep myself tightly in hand."

With such reflections as these Lavretsky sought to assuage his sorrow; but it remained as great and as bitter as before. Even Apraxia, who had outlived, not only her intelligence, but almost all her faculties, shook her head, and followed him with sad eyes as he started in the tarantass for the town. The horses galloped. He sat erect and motionless, and looked straight before him along the road.

XL.

LIZA had written to Lavretsky the night before, telling him to come and see her on this evening ; but he went to his own house first. He did not find either his wife or his daughter there ; and the servant told him that they had both gone to the Kalitines' ! This piece of news both annoyed and enraged him. "Varvara Pavlovna seems to be determined not to let me live in peace," he thought, an angry feeling stirring in his heart. He began walking up and down the room, pushing away every moment, with hand or foot, one of the toys or books or feminine belongings which fell in his way. Then he called Justine, and told her to take away all that "rubbish."

"*Oui, monsieur,*" she replied, with a gri-

mace, and began to set the room in order, bending herself into graceful attitudes, and by each of her gestures making Lavretsky feel that she considered him an uncivilised bear. It was with a sensation of downright hatred that he watched the mocking expression of her faded, but still *piquante*, Parisian face, and looked at her white sleeves, her silk apron, and her little cap. At last he sent her away, and, after long hesitation, as Varvara Pavlovna did not return, he determined to go to the Kalitines', and pay a visit, not to Madame Kalitine (for nothing would have induced him to enter her drawing-room—that drawing-room in which his wife was), but to Marfa Timofeevna. He remembered that a back staircase, used by the maid-servants, led straight to her room.

Lavretsky carried out his plan. By a fortunate chance he met Shurochka in the court-yard, and she brought him to Marfa Timofeevna. He found the old lady, con-

trary to her usual custom, alone. She was without her cap, and was sitting in a corner of the room in a slouching attitude, her arms folded across her breast. When she saw Lavretsky, she was much agitated, and jumping up hastily from her chair, she began going here and there about the room, as if she were looking for her cap.

“Ah! so you’ve come, then,” she said, fussing about and avoiding his eyes. “Well, good day to you!” Well, what’s—what’s to be done? Where were you yesterday? Well, she has come. Well—yes. Well, it must be—somehow or other.”

Lavretsky sank upon a chair.

“Well, sit down, sit down,” continued the old lady. “Did you come straight upstairs? Yes, of course. Eh! You came to see after me? Many thanks.”

The old lady paused. Lavretsky did not know what to say to her; but she understood him.

“Liza—yes; Liza was here just now,” she continued, tying and untying the strings of her work-bag. “She isn’t quite well. Shurochka, where are you? Come here, my mother; cannot you sit still a moment? And I have a headache myself. It must be that singing which has given me it, and the music.”

“What singing, aunt?”

“What! don’t you know? They have already begun—what do you call them?—duets down there. And all in Italian—chi-chi and cha-cha—regular magpies. With their long-drawn-out notes, one would think they were going to draw one’s very soul out. It’s that Panshine, and your wife too. And how quickly it was all arranged! Quite without ceremony, just as if among near relations. However, one must say that, even a dog will try to find itself a home somewhere. You needn’t die outside if folks don’t chase you away from their houses.”

“I certainly must confess I did not expect this,” answered Lavretsky. “This must have required considerable daring.”

“No, my dear, it isn’t daring with her, it is calculation. However, God be with her! They say you are going to send her to Lavriki. Is that true?”

“Yes; I am going to make over that property to her.”

“Has she asked you for money?”

“Not yet.”

“Well, that request won’t be long in coming. But—I haven’t looked at you till now—are you well?”

“Quite well.”

“Shurochka!” suddenly exclaimed the old lady. “Go and tell Lizaveta Mikhailovna—that is—no—ask her—— Is she down-stairs?”

“Yes.”

“Well, yes. Ask her where she has put my book. She will know all about it.”

“Very good.”

The old lady commenced bustling about again, and began to open the drawers in her commode. Lavretsky remained quietly sitting on his chair.

Suddenly light steps were heard on the staircase—and Liza entered.

Lavretsky stood up and bowed. Liza remained near the door.

“Liza, Lizochka,” hurriedly began Marfa Timofeevna, “where have you—where have you put my book?”

“What book, aunt?”

“Why, good gracious! that book. However, I didn’t send for you—but it’s all the same. What are you all doing down-stairs? Here is Fedor Ivanovich come. How is your headache?”

“It’s of no consequence.”

“You always say, ‘It’s of no consequence.’ What are you all doing down below?—having music again?”

“No—they are playing cards.”

“Of course; she is ready for anything. Shurochka, I see you want to run out into the garden. Be off!”

“No, I don’t Marfa Timofeevna——”

“No arguing, if you please. Be off. Nastasia Carpovna has gone into the garden by herself. Go and keep her company. You should show the old lady respect.”

Shurochka left the room.

“But where is my cap? Wherever can it have got to?”

“Let me look for it,” said Liza.

“Sit still, sit still! My own legs haven’t dropped off yet. It certainly must be in my bed-room.”

And Marfa Timofeevna went away, after casting a side-glance at Lavretsky. At first she left the door open, but suddenly she returned and shut it from the outside.

Liza leant back in her chair and silently hid her face in her hands.

Lavretsky remained standing where he was.

“This is how we have had to see each other !” he said at last.

Liza let her hands fall from before her face.

“Yes,” she replied sadly, “we have soon been punished.”

“Punished !” echoed Lavretsky. “For what have you, at all events, been punished ?”

Liza looked up at him. Her eyes did not express either sorrow or anxiety ; but they seemed to have become smaller and dimmer than they used to be. Her face was pale ; even her slightly-parted lips had lost their colour.

Lavretsky’s heart throbbed with pity and with love.

“You have written to me that all is over,” he whispered. “Yes, all is over—before it had begun.”

“All that must be forgotten,” said Liza.

“I am glad you have come. I was going to write to you ; but it is better as it is. Only we must make the most of these few minutes. Each of us has a duty to fulfil. You, Fedor Ivanovich, must become reconciled with your wife.”

“Liza ! ”

“I entreat you to let it be so. By this alone can expiation be made for——for all that has taken place. Think over it, and then you will not refuse my request.”

“Liza ! for God’s sake ! You ask what is impossible. I am ready to do everything you tell me ; but to be reconciled with her *now* !—— I consent to everything, I have forgotten everything ; but I cannot do violence to my heart. Have some pity ; this is cruel ! ”

“But I do not ask you to do what you say is impossible. Do not live with her, if you really cannot do so. But be reconciled with her,” answered Liza, once more hiding

her face in her hands. "Remember your daughter ; and, besides, do it for my sake."

"Very good," said Lavretsky between his teeth. "Suppose I do this—in this I shall be fulfilling my duty ; well, but you—in what does your duty consist ?"

"That I know perfectly well."

Lavretsky suddenly shuddered.

"Surely you have not made up your mind to marry Panshine ?" he asked.

"Oh, no !" replied Liza, with an almost imperceptible smile.

"Ah ! Liza, Liza !" exclaimed Lavretsky, "how happy we might have been !"

Liza again looked up at him.

"Now even you must see, Fedor Ivanovich, that happiness does not depend upon ourselves, but upon God."

"Yes, because you——"

The door of the next room suddenly opened, and Marfa Timofeevna came in, holding her cap in her hand.

“I had trouble enough to find it,” she said, standing between Liza and Lavretsky; “I had stuffed it away myself. Dear me, see what old age comes to! But, after all, youth is no better. Well, are you going to Lavriki with your wife?” she added, turning to Fedor Ivanovich.

“To Lavriki with her? I?—I don’t know,” he added, after a short pause.

“Won’t you pay a visit down-stairs?”

“Not to-day.”

“Well, very good; do as you please. But you, Liza, ought to go down-stairs, I think. Ah! my dears, I’ve forgotten to give any seed to my bullfinch too. Wait a minute; I will be back directly.”

And Marfa Timofeevna ran out of the room, without ever having put on her cap.

Lavretsky quickly drew near to Liza.

“Liza,” he began, with an imploring voice, “we are about to part for ever, and

my heart is very heavy. Give me your hand at parting."

Liza raised her head. Her wearied, almost lustreless eyes looked at him steadily.

"No," she said, and drew back the hand she had half held out to him. "No, Lavretsky" (it was the first time that she called him by this name), "I will not give you my hand. Why should I? And now leave me, I beseech you. You know that I love you—Yes, I love you!" she added emphatically. "But no—no;" and she raised her handkerchief to her lips.

"At least, then, give me that handkerchief——"

The door creaked. The handkerchief glided down to Liza's knees. Lavretsky seized it before it had time to fall on the floor, and quickly hid it away in his pocket; then, as he turned round, he encountered the glance of Marfa Timofeevna's eyes.

“Lizochka, I think your mother is calling you,” said the old lady.

Liza immediately got up from her chair, and left the room.

Marfa Timofeevna sat down again in her corner. Lavretsky was going to take leave of her.

“Fedia,” she said, abruptly.

“What, aunt?”

“Are you an honourable man?”

“What?”

“I ask you—Are you an honourable man?”

“I hope so.”

“Hm! Well, then, give me your word that you are going to behave like an honourable man.”

“Certainly. But why do you ask that?”

“I know why, perfectly well. And so do you, too, my good friend.* As you are no fool, you will understand why I ask you this, if

* Literally, “my foster father,” or “my benefactor.”

you will only think over it a little. But now, good-bye, my dear. Thank you for coming to see me; but remember what I have said, Fedia; and now give me a kiss. Ah, my dear, your burden is heavy to bear, I know that. But no one finds his a light one. There was a time when I used to envy the flies. There are creatures, I thought, who live happily in the world. But one night I heard a fly singing out under a spider's claws. So, thought I, even they have their troubles. What can be done, Fedia? But mind you never forget what you have said to me. And now leave me—leave me.”

Lavretsky left by the back door, and had almost reached the street, when a footman ran after him and said, “Maria Dmitrievna told me to ask you to come to her.”

“Tell her I cannot come just now,” began Lavretsky.

“She told me to ask you particularly,”

continued the footman. "She told me to say that she was alone."

"Then her visitors have gone away?" asked Lavretsky.

"Yes," replied the footman, with something like a grin on his face.

Lavretsky shrugged his shoulders, and followed him into the house.

XLI.

MARIA DMITRIEVNA was alone in her boudoir. She was sitting in a large easy-chair, sniffing Eau-de-Cologne, with a little table by her side, on which was a glass containing orange-flower water. She was evidently excited, and seemed nervous about something.

Lavretsky came into the room.

“ You wanted to see me,” he said, bowing coldly.

“ Yes,” answered Maria Dmitrievna, and then she drank a little water. “ I heard that you had gone straight up-stairs to my aunt, so I told the servants to ask you to come and see me. I want to have a talk with you. Please sit down.”

Maria Dmitrievna took breath. "You know that your wife has come," she continued.

"I am aware of that fact," said Lavretsky.

"Well—yes—that is—I meant to say she has been here, and I have received her. That is what I wanted to have an explanation about with you, Fedor Ivanich. I have deserved, I may say, general respect, thank God! and I wouldn't, for all the world, do anything unbecoming. But, although I saw beforehand that it would be disagreeable to you, Fedor Ivanich, yet I couldn't make up my mind to refuse her. She is a relation of mine—through you. Only put yourself into my position. What right had I to shut my door in her face? Surely you must agree with me."

"You are exciting yourself quite unnecessarily, Maria Dmitrievna," replied Lavretsky. "You have done what is perfectly right. I am not in the least angry. I never

intended to deprive my wife of the power of seeing her acquaintances. I did not come to see you to-day simply because I did not wish to meet her. That was all."

"Ah! how glad I am to hear you say that, Fedor Ivanich!" exclaimed Maria Dmitrievna. "However, I always expected as much from your noble feelings. But as to my being excited, there's no wonder in that. I am a woman and a mother. And your wife—of course I cannot set myself up as a judge between you and her, I told her so herself; but she is such a charming person that no one can help being pleased with her."

Lavretsky smiled and twirled his hat in his hands.

"And there is something else that I wanted to say to you, Fedor Ivanich," continued Maria Dmitrievna, drawing a little nearer to him. "If you had only seen how modestly, how respectfully she behaved!

Really it was perfectly touching. And if you had only heard how she spoke of you! ‘I,’ she said, ‘am altogether guilty before him.’ ‘I,’ she said, ‘was not able to appreciate him.’ ‘He,’ she said, ‘is an angel, not a mere man.’ I can assure you that’s what she said—‘an angel.’ She is so penitent—I do solemnly declare I have never seen any one so penitent.”

“But tell me, Maria Dmitrievna,” said Lavretsky, “if I may be allowed to be so inquisitive. I hear that Varvara Pavlovna has been singing here. Was it in one of her penitent moments that she sang, or how——?”

“How can you talk like that and not feel ashamed of yourself? She played and sang simply to give me pleasure, and because I particularly entreated her, almost ordered her to do so. I saw that she was unhappy, so unhappy, and I thought how I could divert her a little; and besides that, I had heard

that she had so much talent. Do show her some pity, Fedor Ivanich—she is utterly crushed—only ask Gedeonovsky—broken down entirely, *tout-a-fait*. How can you say such things of her?”

Lavretsky merely shrugged his shoulders.

“And besides, what a little angel your Adochka is! What a charming little creature! How pretty she is! and how good! and how well she speaks French! And she knows Russian too. She called me aunt in Russian. And then as to shyness, you know, almost all children of her age are shy; but she is not at all so. It’s wonderful how like you she is, Fedor Ivanich—eyes, eyebrows, in fact you all over—absolutely you. I don’t usually like such young children, I must confess, but I am quite in love with your little daughter.”

“Maria Dmitrievna,” abruptly said Lavretsky, “allow me to inquire why you are saying all this to me?”

“Why?”—Maria Dmitrievna again had recourse to her Eau de Cologne and drank some water—“why I say this to you, Fedor Ivanich, is because—you see I am one of your relations, I take a deep interest in you. I know your heart is excellent. Mark my words, *mon cousin*—at all events I am a woman of experience, and I do not speak at random. Forgive, do forgive your wife!” (Maria Dmitrievna’s eyes suddenly filled with tears.) “Only think—youth, inexperience, and perhaps also a bad example—hers was not the sort of mother to put her in the right way. Forgive her, Fedor Ivanich! She has been punished enough.”

The tears flowed down Maria Dmitrievna’s cheeks. She did not wipe them away; she was fond of weeping. Meanwhile Lavretsky sat as if on thorns. “Good God!” he thought, “what torture this is! What a day this has been for me!”

“You do not reply,” Maria Dmitrievna recommenced: “how am I to understand you? Is it possible that you can be so cruel? No, I cannot believe that. I feel that my words have convinced you. Fedor Ivanich, God will reward you for your goodness! Now from my hands receive your wife!”

Lavretsky jumped up from his chair scarcely knowing what he was doing. Maria Dmitrievna had risen also, and had passed rapidly to the other side of the screen, from behind which she now brought out Madame Lavretsky. Pale, half lifeless, with downcast eyes, that lady seemed as if she had surrendered her whole power of thinking or willing for herself, and had given herself over entirely into the hands of Maria Dmitrievna.

Lavretsky recoiled a pace.

“You have been there all this time!” he exclaimed.

“Don’t blame her,” Maria Dmitrievna hastened to say. “She wouldn’t have stayed for anything ; but I made her stay ; I put her behind the screen. She declared that it would make you angrier than ever ; but I wouldn’t even listen to her. I know you better than she does. Take then from my hands your wife ! Go to him, Varvara ; have no fear ; fall at your husband’s feet ” (here she gave Varvara’s arm a pull), “and may my blessing——”

“Stop, Maria Dmitrievna !” interposed Lavretsky, in a voice shaking with emotion. “You seem to like sentimental scenes.” (Lavretsky was not mistaken ; from her earliest school-days Maria Dmitrievna had always been passionately fond of a touch of stage effect.) “They may amuse you, but to other people they may prove very unpleasant. However, I am not going to talk to you. In *this* scene you do not play the leading part.”

“What is it *you* want from me, Madame?” he added, turning to his wife. “Have I not done for you all that I could? Do not tell me that it was not you who got up this scene. I should not believe you. You know that I cannot believe you. What is it you want? You are clever. You do nothing without an object. You must feel that to live with you, as I used formerly to live, is what I am not in a position to do—not because I am angry with you, but because I have become a different man. I told you that the very day you returned; and at that time you agreed with me in your own mind. But, perhaps, you wish to rehabilitate yourself in public opinion. Merely to live in my house is too little for you; you want to live with me under the same roof. Is it not so?”

“I want you to pardon me,” replied Varvara Pavlovna, without lifting her eyes from the ground.

“She wants you to pardon her,” repeated Maria Dmitrievna.

“And not for my own sake, but for Ada’s,” whispered Varvara.

“Not for her own sake, but for your Ada’s,” repeated Maria Dmitrievna.

“Very good! That is what you want?” Lavretsky just managed to say. “Well, I consent even to that.”

Varvara Pavlovna shot a quick glance at him. Maria Dmitrievna exclaimed, “Thank God!” again took Varvara by the arm, and again began, “Take, then, from my hands——”

“Stop, I tell you!” broke in Lavretsky. “I will consent to live with you, Varvara Pavlovna,” he continued; “that is to say, I will take you to Lavriki, and live with you as long as I possibly can. Then I will go away; but I will visit you from time to time. You see, I do not wish to deceive you; only do not ask for more than that.

You would laugh yourself, if I were to fulfil the wish of our respected relative, and press you to my heart—if I were to assure you that—that the past did not exist, that the felled tree would again produce leaves. But I see this plainly—one must submit. These words do not convey the same meaning to you as to me, but that does not matter. I repeat, I will live with you—or, no, I cannot promise that; but I will no longer avoid you; I will look on you as my wife again——”

“At all events, give her your hand on that,” said Maria Dmitrievna, whose tears had dried up long ago.

“I have never yet deceived Varvara Pavlovna,” answered Lavretsky. “She will believe me as it is. I will take her to Lavriki. But remember this, Varvara Pavlovna. Our treaty will be considered at an end, as soon as you give up stopping there. And now let me go away.”

He bowed to both of the ladies, and went out quickly.

“Won’t you take her with you?” Maria Dmitrievna called after him.

“Let him alone,” said Varvara to her in a whisper, and then began to express her thanks to her, throwing her arms around her, kissing her hand, saying she had saved her.

Maria Dmitrievna condescended to accept her caresses, but in reality she was not contented with her; nor was she contented with Lavretsky, nor with the whole scene which she had taken so much pains to arrange. There had been nothing sentimental about it. According to her ideas Varvara Pavlovna ought to have thrown herself at her husband’s feet.

“How was it you didn’t understand what I meant?” she kept saying. “Surely I said to you, ‘Down with you!’”

“It is better as it is, my dear aunt. Don’t

disturb yourself—all has turned out admirably,” declared Varvara Pavlovna.

“Well, anyhow he is—as cold as ice,” said Maria Dmitrievna. “It is true you didn’t cry, but surely my tears flowed before his eyes. So he wants to shut you up at Lavriki. What! You won’t be able to come out even to see me! All men are unfeeling,” she ended by saying, and shook her head with an air of deep meaning.

“But at all events women can appreciate goodness and generosity,” said Varvara Pavlovna. Then, slowly sinking on her knees, she threw her arms around Maria Dmitrievna’s full waist, and hid her face in that lady’s lap. That hidden face wore a smile, but Maria Dmitrievna’s tears began to flow afresh.

As for Lavretsky, he returned home, shut himself up in his valet’s room, flung himself on the couch, and lay there till the morning.

XLII.

THE next day was Sunday. Lavretsky was not awakened by the bells which clanged for early mass, for he had not closed his eyes all night, but they reminded him of another Sunday, when he went to church at Liza's request. He rose in haste. A certain secret voice told him that to-day also he would see her there. He left the house quietly, telling the servant to say to Varvara Pavlovna, who was still asleep, that he would be back to dinner, and then, with long steps, he went where the bell called him with its dreary uniformity of sound.

He arrived early; scarcely any one was yet in the church. A Reader was reciting the Hours in the choir. His voice, sometimes interrupted by a cough, sounded mo-

notonously, rising and falling by turns. Lavretsky placed himself at a little distance from the door. The worshippers arrived, one after another, stopped, crossed themselves, and bowed in all directions. Their steps resounded loudly through the silent and almost empty space, and echoed along the vaulted roof. An infirm old woman, wrapped in a threadbare hooded cloak, knelt by Lavretsky's side and prayed fervently. Her toothless, yellow, wrinkled face expressed intense emotion. Her blood-shot eyes gazed upwards, without moving, on the holy figures displayed upon the iconostasis. Her bony hand kept incessantly coming out from under her cloak, and making the sign of the cross—with a slow and sweeping gesture, and with steady pressure of the fingers on the forehead and the body. A peasant with a morose and thickly bearded face, his hair and clothes all in disorder, came into the church, threw himself straight

down on his knees, and immediately began crossing and prostrating himself, throwing back his head and shaking it after each inclination. So bitter a grief showed itself in his face and in all his gestures, that Lavretsky went up to him and asked him what was the matter. The peasant shrank back with an air of distrust ; then, looking at him coldly, said in a hurried voice, "My son is dead," and again betook himself to his prostrations.

"What sorrow can they have too great to defy the consolations of the Church?" thought Lavretsky, and he tried to pray himself. But his heart seemed heavy and hardened, and his thoughts were afar off. He kept waiting for Liza ; but Liza did not come. The church gradually filled with people, but he did not see Liza among them. Mass began, the deacon read the Gospel, the bell sounded for the final prayer. Lavretsky advanced a few steps, and suddenly he caught

sight of Liza. She had come in before him, but he had not observed her till now. Standing in the space between the wall and the choir, to which she had pressed as close as possible, she never once looked round, never moved from her place. Lavretsky did not take his eyes off her till the service was quite finished; he was bidding her a last farewell. The congregation began to disperse, but she remained standing there. She seemed to be waiting for Lavretsky to go away. At last, however, she crossed herself for the last time, and went out without turning round. No one but a maid-servant was with her.

Lavretsky followed her out of the church, and came up with her in the street. She was walking very fast, her head drooping, her veil pulled low over her face.

“Good day, Lizaveta Mikhailovna,” he said in a loud voice, with feigned indifference. “May I accompany you?”

She made no reply. He walked on by her side.

“Are you satisfied with me?” he asked, lowering his voice. “You have heard what took place yesterday, I suppose?”

“Yes, yes,” she answered in a whisper; “that was very good;” and she quickened her pace.

“Then you are satisfied?”

Liza only made a sign of assent.

“Fedor Ivanovich,” she began, presently, in a calm but feeble voice, “I wanted to ask you something. Do not come any more to our house. Go away soon. We may see each other by-and-by—some day or other—a year hence, perhaps. But now, do this for my sake. In God’s name, I beseech you, do what I ask!”

“I am ready to obey you in everything, Lizaveta Mikhailovna. But can it be that we must part thus? Is it possible that you will not say a single word to me?”

“Fedor Ivanovich, you are walking here by my side. But you are already so far, far away from me; and not only you, but——”

“Go on, I entreat you!” exclaimed Lavretsky. “What do you mean?”

“You will hear, perhaps—— But whatever it may be, forget—— No, do not forget me—remember me.”

“I forget you!”

“Enough. Farewell. Please do not follow me.”

“Liza——” began Lavretsky.

“Farewell, farewell!” she repeated, and then, drawing her veil still lower over her face, she went away, almost at a run.

Lavretsky looked after her for a time, and then walked down the street with drooping head. Presently he ran against Lemm, who also was walking along with his hat pulled low over his brows, and his eyes fixed on his feet.

They looked at each other for a time in silence.

“Well, what have you to say?” asked Lavretsky at last.

“What have I to say?” replied Lemm, in a surly voice. “I have nothing to say. ‘All is dead and we are dead.’ (*‘Alles ist todt und wir sind todt.’*) Do you go to the right?”

“Yes.”

“And I am going to the left. Good-bye.”

On the following morning Lavretsky took his wife to Lavriki. She went in front in a carriage with Ada and Justine. He followed behind in a tarantass. During the whole time of the journey, the little girl never stirred from the carriage-window. Everything astonished her: the peasant men and women, the cottages, the wells, the arches over the horses’ necks, the little bells hanging from them, and the numbers of

rooks. Justine shared her astonishment. Varvara Pavlovna kept laughing at their remarks and exclamations. She was in excellent spirits; she had had an explanation with her husband before leaving O.

“I understand your position,” she had said to him; and, from the expression of her quick eyes, he could see that she did completely understand his position. “But you will do me at least this justice—you will allow that I am an easy person to live with. I shall not obtrude myself on you, or annoy you. I only wished to ensure Ada’s future; I want nothing more.”

“Yes, you have attained all your ends,” said Lavretsky.

“There is only one thing I dream of now; to bury myself for ever in seclusion. But I shall always remember your kindness——”

“There! enough of that!” said he, trying to stop her.

“And I shall know how to respect your

tranquillity and your independence," she continued, bringing her preconcerted speech to a close.

Lavretsky bowed low. Varvara understood that her husband silently thanked her.

The next day they arrived at Lavriki towards evening. A week later Lavretsky went away to Moscow, having left five thousand roubles at his wife's disposal ; and the day after Lavretsky's departure, Panshine appeared, whom Varvara Pavlovna had entreated not to forget her in her solitude. She received him in the most cordial manner ; and, till late that night, the lofty rooms of the mansion and the very garden itself were enlivened by the sounds of music, and of song, and of joyous French talk. Panshine spent three days with Varvara Pavlovna. When saying farewell to her, and warmly pressing her beautiful hands, he promised to return very soon—and he kept his word.

XLIII.

LIZA had a little room of her own on the second floor of her mother's house—a bright, tidy room, with a bedstead with white curtains in it, a small writing-table, several flowerpots in the corners and in front of the windows, and fixed against the wall a set of bookshelves and a crucifix. It was called the nursery ; Liza had been born in it.

After coming back from the church where Lavretsky had seen her, she set all her things in order with even more than usual care, dusted everything, examined all her papers and letters from her friends, and tied them up with pieces of ribbon, shut up all her drawers, and watered her flowers,

giving each flower a caressing touch. And all this she did deliberately, quietly, with a kind of sweet and tranquil earnestness in the expression of her face. At last she stopped still in the middle of the room and looked slowly around her; then she approached the table over which hung the crucifix, fell on her knees, laid her head on her clasped hands, and remained for some time motionless. Presently Marfa Timofeevna entered the room and found her in that position. Liza did not perceive her arrival. The old lady went out of the room on tiptoe, and coughed loudly several times outside the door. Liza hastily rose and wiped her eyes, which shone with gathered but not fallen tears.

So I see you have arranged your little cell afresh," said Marfa Timofeevna, bending low over a young rose-tree in one of the flower-pots. "How sweet this smells!"

Liza looked at her aunt with a meditative air.

“What was that word you used?” she whispered.

“What word—what?” sharply replied the old lady. “It is dreadful,” she continued, suddenly pulling off her cap and sitting down on Liza’s bed. “It is more than I can bear. This is the fourth day I’ve been just as if I were boiling in a cauldron. I cannot any longer pretend I don’t observe anything. I cannot bear to see you crying, to see how pale and withered you are growing. I cannot—I cannot.”

“But what makes you say that, aunt?” said Liza. “There is nothing the matter with me, I——”

“Nothing?” exclaimed Marfa Timofeevna. “Tell that to some one else, not to me! Nothing! But who was on her knees just now? Whose eyelashes are still

wet with tears? Nothing! Why, just look at yourself, what have you done to your face? where are your eyes gone? Nothing, indeed! As if I didn't know all!"

"Give me a little time, aunt. All this will pass away."

"Will pass away! Yes; but when? Good heavens! is it possible you have loved him so much? Why, he is quite an old fellow, Lizochka! Well, well! I don't deny he is a good man; will not bite; but what of that? We are all good people; the world isn't shut up in a corner, there will always be plenty of this sort of goodness."

"I can assure you all this will pass away—all this has already passed away."

"Listen to what I am going to tell you, Lizochka," suddenly said Marfa Timofeevna, making Liza sit down beside her on the bed, smoothing down the girl's hair, and setting her neckerchief straight while she

spoke. "It seems to you, in the heat of the moment, as if it were impossible for your wound to be cured. Ah, my love, it is only death for which there is no cure. Only say to yourself, 'I won't give in—so much for him!' and you will be surprised yourself to see how well and how quickly it will all pass away. Only have a little patience."

"Aunt," replied Liza, "it has already passed away. All has passed away."

"Passed away! how passed away? Why your nose has actually grown peaky, and yet you say—'passed away.' Passed away indeed!"

"Yes, passed away, aunt—if only you are willing to help me," said Liza, with unexpected animation, and then threw her arms round Marfa Timofeevna's neck. "Dearest aunt, do be a friend to me, do help me, don't be angry with me, try to understand me——"

“But what is all this, what is all this, my mother? Don’t frighten me, please. I shall cry out in another minute. Don’t look at me like that: quick, tell me what is the meaning of all this!”

“I—I want——” Here Liza hid her face on Marfa Timofeevna’s breast. “I want to go into a convent,” she said in a low tone.

The old lady fairly bounded off the bed.

“Cross yourself, Lizochka! gather your senses together! what ever are you about? Heaven help you!” at last she stammered out. “Lie down and sleep a little, my darling. All this comes of your want of sleep, dearest.”

Liza raised her head; her cheeks glowed.

“No, aunt,” she said, “do not say that. I have prayed, I have asked God’s advice, and I have made up my mind. All is over. My life with you here is ended. Such

lessons are not given to us without a purpose ; besides, it is not for the first time that I think of it now. Happiness was not for me. Even when I did indulge in hopes of happiness, my heart shuddered within me. I know all, both my sins and those of others, and how papa made our money. I know all, and all that I must pray away, must pray away. I grieve to leave you, I grieve for mamma and for Lenchka ; but there is no help for it. I feel that it is impossible for me to live here longer. I have already taken leave of everything, I have greeted everything in the house for the last time. Something calls me away. I am sad at heart, and I would fain hide myself away for ever. Please don't hinder me or try to dissuade me ; but do help me, or I shall have to go away by myself."

Marfa Timofeevna listened to her niece with horror.

"She is ill," she thought. "She is

raving. We must send for a doctor ; but for whom ? Gedeonovsky praised some one the other day ; but then he always lies—but perhaps he has actually told the truth this time.”

But when she had become convinced that Liza was not ill, and was not raving—when to all her objections Liza had constantly made the same reply, Marfa Timofeevna was thoroughly alarmed, and became exceedingly sorrowful.

“ But surely you don’t know, my darling, what sort of life they lead in convents ! ” thus she began, in hopes of dissuading her. “ Why they will feed you on yellow hemp oil, my own ; they will dress you in coarse, very coarse clothing ; they will make you go out in the cold ; you will never be able to bear all this, Lizochka. All these ideas of yours are Agafia’s doing. It is she who has driven you out of your senses. But then she began with living, and with living

to her own satisfaction. Why shouldn't you live too? At all events, let me die in peace, and then do as you please. And who on earth has ever known any one go into a convent for the sake of such-a-one, for a goat's beard—God forgive me—for a man! Why, if you're so sad at heart, you should pay a visit to a convent, pray to a saint, order prayers to be said, but don't put the black veil on your head, my *batyushka*, my *matyushka*."

And Marfa Timofeevna cried bitterly.

Liza tried to console her, wiped the tears from her eyes, and cried herself, but maintained her purpose unshaken. In her despair, Marfa Timofeevna tried to turn threats to account, said she would reveal everything to Liza's mother; but that too had no effect. All that Liza would consent to do in consequence of the old lady's urgent entreaties, was to put off the execution of her plan for a half year. In return Marfa Timofeevna

was obliged to promise that, if Liza had not changed her mind at the end of the six months, she would herself assist in the matter, and would contrive to obtain Madame Kalitine's consent.

As soon as the first cold weather arrived, in spite of her promise to bury herself in seclusion, Varvara Pavlovna, who had provided herself with sufficient funds, migrated to St. Petersburg. A modest, but pretty set of rooms had been found for her there by Panshine, who had left the province of O. rather earlier than she did. During the latter part of his stay in O., he had completely lost Madame Kalitine's good graces. He had suddenly given up visiting her, and indeed scarcely stirred away from Lavriki. Varvara Pavlovna had enslaved—literally enslaved him. No other word can express the unbounded extent of the despotic sway she exercised over him.

Lavretsky spent the winter in Moscow. In the spring of the ensuing year the news reached him that Liza had taken the veil in the B. convent, in one of the most remote districts of Russia.

EPILOGUE.

EIGHT years passed. The spring had come again——

But we will first of all say a few words about the fate of Mikhalevich, Panshine, and Madame Lavretsky, and then take leave of them for ever.

Mikhalevich, after much wandering to and fro, at last hit upon the business he was fitted for, and obtained the post of Head Inspector in one of the Government Educational Institutes. His lot thoroughly satisfies him, and his pupils “adore” him, though at the same time they mimic him. Panshine has advanced high in the service, and already aims at becoming the head of a department. He stoops a little as he walks ;

it must be the weight of the Vladimir Cross which hangs from his neck, that bends him forward. In him the official decidedly preponderates over the artist now. His face, though still quite young, has grown yellow, his hair is thinner than it used to be, and he neither sings nor draws any longer. But he secretly occupies himself with literature. He has written a little comedy in the style of a "proverb;" and—as every one who writes now constantly brings on the stage some real person or some actual fact—he has introduced a coquette into it, and he reads it confidentially to a few ladies who are very kind to him. But he has never married, although he has had many excellent opportunities for doing so. For that Varvara Pavlovna is to blame.

As for her, she constantly inhabits Paris, just as she used to do. Lavretsky has opened a private account for her with his banker, and has paid a sufficient sum to

ensure his being free from her—free from the possibility of being a second time unexpectedly visited by her. She has grown older and stouter, but she is still undoubtedly handsome, and always dresses in taste. Every one has his ideal. Varvara Pavlovna has found hers—in the plays of M. Dumas *fils*. She assiduously frequents the theatres in which consumptive and sentimental Camelias appear on the boards; to be Madame Doche seems to her the height of human happiness. She once announced that she could not wish her daughter a happier fate. It may, however, be expected that destiny will save Mademoiselle Ada from that kind of happiness. From being a chubby, rosy child, she has changed into a pale, weak-chested girl, and her nerves are already unstrung. The number of Varvara Pavlovna's admirers has diminished, but they have not disappeared. Some of them she will, in all probability,

retain to the end of her days. The most ardent of them in recent times has been a certain Zakurdalo-Skubyrnikof, a retired officer of the guard, a man of about thirty-eight years of age, wearing long moustaches, and possessing a singularly vigorous frame. The Frenchmen who frequent Madame Lavretsky's drawing-room call him *le gros taureau de l'Ukraine*. Varvara Pavlovna never invites him to her fashionable parties, but he is in full possession of her good graces.

And so—eight years had passed away. Again spring shone from heaven in radiant happiness. Again it smiled on earth and on man. Again, beneath its caress, all things began to love, to flower, to sing.

The town of O. had changed but little in the course of these eight years, but Madame Kalitine's house had, as it were, grown young again. Its freshly-painted walls shone with a welcome whiteness, while the

panes of its open windows flashed ruddy to the setting sun. Out of these windows there flowed into the street mirthful sounds of ringing youthful voices, of never-ceasing laughter. All the house seemed teeming with life and overflowing with irrepressible merriment. As for the former mistress of the house, she had been laid in the grave long ago. Maria Dmitrievna died two years after Liza took the veil. Nor did Marfa Timofeevna long survive her niece; they rest side by side in the cemetery of the town. Nastasia Carpovna also was no longer alive. During the course of several years the faithful old lady used to go every day to pray at her friend's grave. Then her time came, and her bones also were laid in the mould.

But Maria Dmitrievna's house did not pass into the hands of strangers, did not go out of her family—the nest was not torn to pieces. Lenchka, who had grown into a

pretty and graceful girl ; her betrothed, a flaxen-locked officer of hussars ; Maria Dmitrievna's son, who had only recently married at St. Petersburg, and had now arrived with his young bride to spend the spring in O. ; his wife's sister, a sixteen-year-old Institute-girl, with clear eyes and rosy cheeks ; and Shurochka, who had also grown up and turned out pretty—these were the young people who made the walls of the Kalitine house resound with laughter and with talk. Everything was altered in the house, everything had been made to harmonize with its new inhabitants. Beardless young servant-lads, full of fun and laughter, had replaced the grave old domestics of former days. A couple of setters tore wildly about and jumped upon the couches, in the rooms up and down which Roska, after it had grown fat, used to waddle seriously. In the stable many horses were stalled—clean-limbed canterers,

smart trotters for the centre of the *troika*, fiery gallopers with platted manes for the side places, riding horses from the Don. The hours for breakfast, dinner, and supper, were all mixed up and confounded together. In the words of the neighbours, "Such a state of things as never had been known before" had taken place.

On the evening of which we are about to speak, the inmates of the Kalitine house, of whom the eldest, Lenochnka's betrothed, was not more than four-and-twenty, had taken to playing a game which was not of a very complicated nature, but which seemed to be very amusing to them, to judge by their happy laughter,—that of running about the rooms, and trying to catch each other. The dogs, too, ran about and barked; and the canaries which hung up in cages before the windows, straining their throats in rivalry, heightened the general uproar by the piercing accents of their shrill

singing. Just as this deafening amusement had reached its climax, a tarantass, all splashed with mud, drew up at the front gate, and a man about forty-five years old, wearing a travelling dress, got out of it and remained standing as if bewildered.

For some time he stood at the gate without moving, but gazing at the house with observant eyes; then he entered the courtyard by the wicket-gate, and slowly mounted the steps. He encountered no one in the vestibule; but suddenly the drawing-room door was flung open, and Shurochka, all rosy red, came running out of the room; and directly afterwards, with shrill cries, the whole of the youthful band rushed after her. Suddenly, at the sight of an unknown stranger, they stopped short, and became silent; but the bright eyes which were fixed on him still retained their friendly expression, the fresh young faces did not cease to smile. Then Maria Dmitrievna's son ap-

proached the visitor, and politely asked what he could do for him.

“ I am Lavretsky,” said the stranger.

A friendly cry of greeting answered him—not that all those young people were inordinately delighted at the arrival of a distant and almost forgotten relative, but simply because they were ready to rejoice and make a noise over every pleasurable occurrence. They all immediately surrounded Lavretsky. Lenočka, as his old acquaintance, was the first to name herself, assuring him that, if she had had a very little more time, she would most certainly have recognised him ; and then she introduced all the rest of the company to him, giving them all, her betrothed included, their familiar forms of name. The whole party then went through the dining-room into the drawing-room. The paper on the walls of both rooms had been altered, but the furniture remained just as it used to be. Lavretsky

recognised the piano. Even the embroidery-frame by the window remained exactly as it had been, and in the very same position as of old ; and even seemed to have the same unfinished piece of work on it which had been there eight years before. They placed him in a large arm-chair, and sat down gravely around him. Questions, exclamations, anecdotes, followed swiftly one after another.

“What a long time it is since we saw you last !” naïvely remarked Lenochnka ; “and we haven’t seen Varvara Pavlovna either.”

“No wonder !” her brother hastily interrupted her—“I took you away to St. Petersburg ; but Fedor Ivanich has lived all the time on his estate.”

“Yes, and mamma too is dead, since then.”

“And Marfa Timofeevna,” said Shurochka.

“And Nastasia Carpovna,” continued Lenochnka, “and Monsieur Lemm.”

“What? is Lemm dead too?” asked Lavretsky.

“Yes,” answered young Kalitine. “He went away from here to Odessa. Some one is said to have persuaded him to go there, and there he died.”

“You don’t happen to know if he left any music behind?”

“I don’t know, but I should scarcely think so.”

A general silence ensued, and each one of the party looked at the others. A shade of sadness swept over all the youthful faces.

“But Matros is alive,” suddenly cried Lenochnka.

“And Gedeonovsky is alive,” added her brother.

The name of Gedeonovsky at once called forth a merry laugh.

“Yes, he is still alive; and he tells stories

just as he used to do," continued the young Kalitine—"only fancy! this mad-cap here" (pointing to his wife's sister the Institute-girl) "put a quantity of pepper into his snuff-box yesterday."

"How he did sneeze!" exclaimed Lenochka—and irrepressible laughter again broke out on all sides.

"We had news of Liza the other day," said young Kalitine. And again silence fell upon all the circle. "She is going on well—her health is gradually being restored now."

"Is she still in the same convent?" Lavretsky asked, not without an effort.

"Yes."

"Does she ever write to you?"

"No, never. We get news of her from other quarters."

A profound silence suddenly ensued. "An angel has noiselessly flown past," they all thought.

“Won’t you go into the garden?” said Kalitine, addressing Lavretsky. “It is very pleasant now, although we have neglected it a little.”

Lavretsky went into the garden, and the first thing he saw there was that very bench on which he and Liza had once passed a few happy moments—moments that never repeated themselves. It had grown black and warped, but still he recognised it, and that feeling took possession of his heart which is unequalled as well for sweetness as for bitterness—the feeling of lively regret for vanished youth, for once familiar happiness.

He walked by the side of the young people along the alleys. The lime-trees looked older than before, having grown a little taller during the last eight years, and casting a denser shade. All the underwood, also, had grown higher, and the raspberry-bushes had spread vigorously, and the hazel

copse was thickly tangled. From every side exhaled a fresh odour from the forest and the wood, from the grass and the lilacs.

“What a capital place for a game at Puss in the Corner!” suddenly cried Lenchka, as they entered upon a small grassy lawn surrounded by lime-trees. “There are just five of us.”

“But have you forgotten Fedor Ivanovich?” asked her brother; “or is it yourself you have not counted?”

Lenchka blushed a little.

“But would Fedor Ivanovich like—at his age——” she began stammering.

“Please play away,” hastily interposed Lavretsky; “don’t pay any attention to me. I shall feel more comfortable if I know I am not boring you. And there is no necessity for your finding me something to do. We old people have a resource which you don’t know yet, and which is better than any amusement—recollection.”

The young people listened to Lavretsky with respectful, though slightly humorous politeness, just as if they were listening to a teacher who was reading them a lesson—then they all suddenly left him, and ran off to the lawn. One of them stood in the middle, the others occupied the four corners by the trees, and the game began.

But Lavretsky returned to the house, went into the dining-room, approached the piano, and touched one of the notes. It responded with a faint but clear sound, and a shudder thrilled his heart within him. With that note began the inspired melody, by means of which, on that most happy night long ago, Lemm, the dead Lemm, had thrown him into such raptures. Then Lavretsky passed into the drawing-room, and did not leave it for a long time.

In that room, in which he had seen Liza so often, her image floated more distinctly before him; the traces of her presence

seemed to make themselves felt around him there. But his sorrow for her loss became painful and crushing; it bore with it none of the tranquillity which death inspires. Liza was still living somewhere, far away and lost to sight. He thought of her as he had known her in actual life; he could not recognise the girl he used to love in that pale, dim, ghostly form, half-hidden in a nun's dark robe, and surrounded by waving clouds of incense.

Nor would Lavretsky have been able to recognise himself, if he could have looked at himself as he in fancy was looking at Liza. In the course of those eight years his life had attained its final crisis—that crisis which many people never experience, but without which no man can be sure of maintaining his principles firm to the last. He had really given up thinking about his own happiness, about what would conduce to his own interests. He had become calm,

and—why should we conceal the truth?—he had aged; and that not in face alone or frame, but he had aged in mind; for, indeed, not only is it difficult, but it is even hazardous to do what some people speak of—to preserve the heart young in bodily old age. Contentment, in old age, is deserved by him alone who has not lost his faith in what is good, his persevering strength of will, his desire for active employment. And Lavretsky did deserve to be contented; he had really become a good landlord; he had really learnt how to till the soil; and in that he laboured, he laboured not for himself alone, but he had, as far as in him lay the power, assured, and obtained guarantees for, the welfare of the peasantry on his estates.

Lavretsky went out of the house into the garden, and sat down on the bench he knew so well. There—on that loved spot, in sight of that house in which he had fruitlessly, and for the last time, stretched forth his

hands towards that cup of promise in which foamed and sparkled the golden wine of enjoyment,—he, a lonely, homeless wanderer, while the joyous cries of that younger generation which had already forgotten him came flying to his ears, gazed steadily at his past life.

His heart became very sorrowful, but it was free now from any crushing sense of pain. He had nothing to be ashamed of; he had many sources of consolation. “Play on, young vigorous lives!” he thought—and his thoughts had no taint of bitterness in them —“the future awaits you, and your path of life in it will be comparatively easy for you. You will not be obliged, as we were, to seek out your path, to struggle, to fall, to rise again in utter darkness. We had to seek painfully by what means we might hold out to the end—and how many there were amongst us who did not hold out!—but your part is now to act, to work—and the

blessing of old men like me shall be with you. For my part, after the day I have spent here, after the emotions I have here experienced, nothing remains for me but to bid you a last farewell ; and, although sadly, yet without a tinge of envy, without a single gloomy feeling, to say, in sight of death, in sight of my awaiting God, ‘ Hail, lonely old age ! Useless life, burn yourself out ! ’ ”

Lavretsky rose up quietly, and quietly went away. No one observed him, no one prevented him from going. Louder than ever sounded the joyous cries in the garden, behind the thick green walls of the lofty lime-trees. Lavretsky got into his tarantass, and told his coachman to drive him home without hurrying the horses.

“ And is that the end ? ” the unsatisfied reader may perhaps ask. “ What became of Lavretsky afterwards ? and of Liza ? ” But what can one say about people who are still

alive, but who have already quitted the worldly stage? Why should we turn back to them? It is said that Lavretsky has visited the distant convent in which Liza has hidden herself—and has seen her. As she crossed from choir to choir, she passed close by him—passed onwards steadily, with the quick but silent step of a nun, and did not look at him. Only an almost imperceptible tremour was seen to move the eye-lashes of the eye which was visible to him; only still lower did she bend her emaciated face; and the fingers of her clasped hands, enlaced with her rosary, still more closely compressed each other.

Of what did they both think? what did they both feel? Who can know? who shall tell? Life has its moments—has its feelings—to which we may be allowed to allude, but on which it is not good to dwell.

THE END.

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